

THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 1650.

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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—
PHOTOGRAPHY.—Mr. HARDWICH has COMMENCED his CLASSES, and is now giving Private Instruction in the Principles and Practice of the Art of Photography.
For information, apply to T. F. HARDWICH, Esq., King's College, London.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—TOOKE
PROFESSORSHIP OF ECONOMIC SCIENCE AND STATISTICS, Founded in honour of the personal character of, and the eminent services rendered to Science by the late THOMAS TOOKE, Esq. F.R.S., of Spring Gardens.
The Council are now ready to receive applications for this appointment. For full particulars apply to
J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.—SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM Open FREE every day from 10 till 4, and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Evenings, from 7 till 10.
By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—
THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER of the CORPORATION will take place in Freemasons' Hall on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd of June.
The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., in the Chair.

STEWARDS.
Richard Edward Arden, Esq. F.G.S. F.R.G.S.
Westworth Blackett Beaumont, Esq. F.R.G.S.
Rev. Joseph Williams Bikes, Esq. F.R.G.S.
James Bohn, Esq. F.R.G.S.
John Boustead, Esq. Jun. F.R.G.S.
Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq. F.R.G.S.
Sir Hugh M. Cairns, M.P., Solicitor-General.
James Henry Cheney, Esq. F.R.G.S.
Edward Clowes, Esq. F.R.G.S.
The Earl of Coventry.
Herbert Creed, Esq. F.R.G.S.
T. F. Dillon Croker, Esq. F.S.A. F.R.G.S.
John Dickinson, Esq. F.R.G.S.
George Digby Wingfield Digby, Esq. F.R.G.S.
Rev. Wm. Ellis, Huddesdon.
The Very Rev. the Dean of Ely.
Right Hon. T. Sotheron-Estcourt, M.P. F.R.G.S.
Rev. Frederick W. Farrar, M.A. F.R.G.S.
Mr. Forsyth, Esq. M.A. Q.C. F.R.G.S.
Charles Lewis Grunstein, Esq. F.R.G.S.
Samuel Gurney, Esq. M.P. F.R.G.S.
Ernest Hawkins, Esq. F.R.G.S.
Thomas Huxham, Esq. F.R.G.S.
Sir Walter James, Bart. F.R.G.S.
W. Johnson, Esq., Birmingham.
The Lord Lindsay.
The Lord John Scott.
Col. the Hon. Augustus Liddell.
Col. the Hon. James Lindsay.
Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
Right Hon. the Earl of Eglington.
Right Hon. the Earl of Craven.
Right Hon. the Earl of Dunfermline.
Right Hon. the Earl of Northbury.
Right Hon. the Earl of Sandwich.
Right Hon. the Earl of Selkirk.
The Viscount Pallington.
The Viscountess Exmouth.
The Lord Ernest Bruce, M.P.
The Lord Chelmsford.
The Lord John Manners, M.P.
The Lord Lindsay.
The above Noblemen and Gentlemen, educated at Eton, nearly all of them contemporary with Mr. Charles Keen, have formed themselves into a Committee for the purpose of inviting their old schoolfellows to a Banquet, on the occasion of his retiring from the management of the Princess's Theatre, and of presenting him with a testimonial to mark their sense of his distinguished talent. The Committee, further considering that the right of acknowledging Mr. Keen's services belongs to the nation at large, are anxious that the public should unite with them in testifying their admiration for one who has so long and so successfully laboured to provide for their intellectual enjoyment, and who has done so much towards upholding the dignity and high character of the national stage. Subscriptions for the Keen Testimonial will be received by the following Bankers:—Messrs. Coutts & Co. Strand, London; the Union Bank, Pall Mall; and Messrs. Roberts, Currie & Co. The Public are respectfully informed that the Dinner will take place at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday, the 20th of July, at seven o'clock. The Earl of Carlisle in the Chair. Gentlemen wishing to be present on the occasion can obtain tickets, one Guinea each, at the places under mentioned, where subscriptions for the Keen Testimonial will also be received:—Messrs. Royal Library, 1, St. James's Street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 3, Old Bond Street; at Chappell's, 50, New Bond Street; Messrs. Smith & Son, Regent Street; Messrs. Smith, Payne & Co., Chancery Lane; and Messrs. Smith, Payne & Co., Chancery Lane. Communications for the Keen Testimonial should be addressed to the Hon. Sec. Thomas Henry Taunton, Esq., at Mr. Same's Royal Library, 1, St. James's Street.

PROPOSED BANQUET AND TESTIMONIAL
TO CHARLES KEEN, F.S.A.

COMMITTEE.
The Lord John Scott.
Col. the Hon. Augustus Liddell.
Col. the Hon. James Lindsay.
Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
Right Hon. the Earl of Eglington.
Right Hon. the Earl of Craven.
Right Hon. the Earl of Dunfermline.
Right Hon. the Earl of Northbury.
Right Hon. the Earl of Sandwich.
Right Hon. the Earl of Selkirk.
The Viscount Pallington.
The Viscountess Exmouth.
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SWINEY LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, in connection with the British Museum.—A COURSE OF TWELVE LECTURES will be delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in each week, commencing on the 19th of June, at Three o'clock P.M., by A. G. MELVILLE, M.D., Professor of Natural History in the Queen's University, Ireland.—Admission Gratis.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.

THE SECOND EXHIBITION this Season of PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 16th. Tickets to be obtained at the gardens only by orders from Fellows or Members of the Society, price 5s. each, or on the day of Exhibition, 7d. each.
The Gates open at 2 o'clock.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.
—Further HELP is sought to MAINTAIN this Hospital, which is NOW FULL, in entire efficiency. Bankers: Messrs. Williams, Deacon & Co., 20, Birch-lane, London.
HENRY ROSE, Hon. Sec.
HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

FORTY THOUSAND POOR MARRIED
WOMEN have, since the Foundation of the BRITISH LIVING-IN HOSPITAL, been admitted within its walls, and have there received succour and relief in "the great pain and peril of Childbirth."
The Funds of this time-honoured Institution are low and inadequate to the maintenance of the Hospital in a state of efficiency. To those wealthy and charitable Ladies of this Metropolis, and indeed to all those who take an interest in the welfare of their poorer sisters, the Weekly Board of Governors now appeal for aid and assistance.—Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Messrs. Moore, Fleet-street; or at the Hospital, Endell-street, Long-acre.

LONDON LIBRARY, 12, St. James's-square.
Subscriptions for the current year are now due. Terms, on nomination, 3s. a year; or 2s. a year, with Entrance-fee of 5s. Life Membership, 20s. Catalogues, 7s. 6d.; to Members, 6s. Prospectus free.—The Annual Report, with a List of the Books added during the year, may be had by Members and Subscribers on application to the Secretary.
By order of the Committee,
May 28, 1859. ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary.

TO LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.—DR. H.
OWGAN invites the attention of Committees, &c. to his LECTURES on Historic and Literary Subjects, delivered with signal success in several leading Institutions. Syllabus and testimonials forwarded on application.—Address Clifton, Bristol.

THE NANTWICH MECHANICS' INSTITUTE invite First-class LECTURERS and Persons giving Musical Entertainments, &c., to communicate Terms and List of Subjects to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. CHURCH.

MR. GEORGE MAC DONALD'S Fifth Lecture on COLERIDGE, and Sixth Lecture on WORDSWORTH, will be given on MONDAY and FRIDAY NEXT, the 13th and 17th of June, at the Literary Institution, in Edwards-street, Portman-square, at Three o'clock.

MR. KIDD'S SOCIAL AND GENIAL "GOSSIPS," for 1859—60.
"WILLIAM KIDD, as is well known, deals extensively in all that is most valuable both for body and mind. He ought to be—and we trust he is—a happy man, seeing that his public labours are attended with a more than ordinary large measure of success."
—DR. MORRIS in *The Naturalist*.
Terms, &c. sent free.—Hammersmith, June 11.

IN A PREPARATORY SCHOOL for the SONS of GENTLEMEN, where twelve Pupils are received, there are now VACANCIES for FOUR LITTLE BOYS, between the ages of six and twelve. The locality is within ten minutes' walk from Kensington Gardens. Terms, 20 guineas per annum, inclusive of extra. References of the highest order. The term commences from the time of entrance.—Address A. B. Mr. Harvey's, 24, St. James's-street, S.W.

TRAVELLING TUTOR or COMPANION.
A Graduate of Oxford, who obtained an open Scholarship at his College, and took high honours, desires to meet with One or (not more than) Two Young Noblemen or Gentlemen to travel with in the above capacity. The Advertiser is a good French and tolerable German scholar, knows something of Italian, and has been several times upon the Continent.—Address M. N. Harrison's Library, Portadown-terrace, Kilburn, W.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—EDUCATION for the DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN.—A Married Lady, of good rank and high social position, residing in one of the best parts of London, receives a LIMITED NUMBER of PUPILS, upon whom she bestows a liberal education, added to all the comforts of home. Inclusive terms, 45 and 50 guineas. Most satisfactory references will be given.—Address ALPHA, 14, Randolph-road, Clifton-gardens, W.

EDUCATION (Superior).—UPTON HOUSE, SLOUGH, Bucks.—Madame PÉRETTE, assisted by experienced Resident Governesses and London Professors of the first repute, EDUCATES a LIMITED number of the DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN, in French, and FINESS'S School Property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, &c.—Gentlemen rapidly prepared in FORTIFICATION, Military and Geometrical Drawing.—Address ALPHA, Goshall's Newspaper Office, Westbourne-street, Eaton-square, S.W.

THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION, 34, SOHO-SQUARE.—MR. WAGHORN, who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Principals of Schools, to her REGISTER of English and Foreign GOVERNESSES, TEACHERS, COMMISSIONERS, TUTORS, and FINESS'S School Property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

AN M.A. of ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge, Eighth Wrangler of his year, 1847, who has lived for two years in the South of France, and speaks Spanish, would be glad to meet with a FEW PUPILS for a READING PARTY in the Pyrenees, the Baque Country, and Spain.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Rev. HUGH NICOLSON, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, Strand, London, W.C.; or from Messrs. DRIGTON & BELL, and Mr. MACMILLAN, Cambridge; or from the Rev. JOHN HATFIELD, Maison Chalon, Petite Bihère, near Pau, Basses Pyrénées.

MUSIC.—A LADY (Pupil of Moscheles and Brinley Richards), having a few hours disengaged, is desirous of meeting with PUPILS requiring PIANO-FORTE LESSONS. She is perfectly competent to instruct their Musical studies.—Terms Half-a-Guinea.—Address K.A.B., Messrs. Cramer & Beale's, 201, Regent-street.

EDUCATION.—There are a FEW VACANCIES in an Establishment where a limited number of the DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN are received, situated near Kensington Gardens. The Principal is assisted by Professors of repute and experienced Governesses. Terms, from 50 to 80 Guineas per annum.—Address F. F. Mr. Harvey's, 24, St. James's-street, S.W.

SUPERIOR EDUCATION.—In a first-class Establishment for YOUNG LADIES, situated within five miles south of London, there will be VACANCIES after Midsummer. The comforts of a private family are combined with a sound English Education, which is carried on under the immediate superintendence of the Principals. Every attention is paid to the religious and moral training of the Pupils, and habits of usefulness are inculcated. Professors of talent attend for languages and Accomplishments. German and French taught by resident Governesses. The house is large, standing in its own grounds, and the domestic arrangements are conducted with the greatest liberality. References given to the parents of pupils.—For Prospectuses or further particulars address L. M. N., care of Messrs. Witherston & Brodgen, 16, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

RUGBY.—BOYS ARE PREPARED for RUGBY by an old RUGBEAN, Head Exhibitor of his Year, Senior Optime and First Classman at Trinity College, Cambridge, whose Educational Works are used in the best Schools. He resides in a beautiful and healthy part of the Country. The terms are very moderate.—Address L. W. 7, High-street, Birmingham.

NESLEY COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.—WANTED, after the Midsummer Vacation, a RESIDENT MASTER. Experience in the Tuition and Management of a large number of Boys indispensable. Qualifications, Classics or Mathematics. Age not less than twenty-two.—Apply to the Rev. S. D. NADDO, Governor.

HEAD-MASTER WANTED.
WANTED, a HEAD-MASTER by the Trustees of an Institution to be established at GRIFFIN, Perthshire, for the Education of the Youth of the Middle Classes. A salary of 500l. per annum will be guaranteed, together with a free House, suitable for the reception of boarders. The locality is the centre of a populous district, well known for its beauty and healthfulness. There is easy access by railway. The Trustees contemplate the endowment of the Institution in all the usual branches of Education. Application to be addressed to ANDREW MURRAY, Jun., Esq., W.S., 50, Castle-street, Edinburgh.

ST. MARY'S HALL, LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. MARY'S-ROAD, CANONBURY.
A Course of LECTURES on NATURAL THEOLOGY, with Illustrations, will be delivered on the following days, at 7 o'clock, by the Rev. J. F. DENHAM, M.A. F.R.S., Rector of St. Mary-le-tower, and the Irish, June the 2nd and 9th, and June the 16th and 23rd. The Parents of the Students and Friends of the Institution are invited to attend. Tickets of Admission may be had upon application at the College, by parties leaving their cards.
SARAH NORTHCROFT, Principal.

EDUCATION FREE.—A Gentleman, who has Two Nominations to a First-class School, will be happy to place them at the disposal of a Gentleman for a period for his Son.—Address DELTA M., 134, Leadenhall-street, London.

EDUCATION.—MOUNT PLEASANT HOUSE, SUNBURY, Middlesex, S.W.—Two Pupils from this Establishment were honourably distinguished at the Oxford Examination of Schools in June last. One of these was third in French, and first in languages, Greek, Latin, French, and German, in the senior division, consisting of upwards of 400 candidates from the most distinguished schools of the United Kingdom. Mount Pleasant is a beautifully situated about 24 miles from Hampton Court, and is surrounded by its own grounds, about 13 acres in extent.—For Prospectuses, address to Mr. UNDERWOOD, as above.

A LADY wishes for an Engagement either as a COMPANION, CHAPERONE, or HOUSEKEEPER. She has no objection to travel, or to take charge of an Invalid to the Sea-side for a few months.—A. D. care of Mrs. Moore, Copse-road, Clevedon.

CHELTHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.—CAMBRAY HOUSE.—A Lady, residing at 25, Cambray, receives, with the sanction of the Council, a limited number of Young Ladies, pupils of the College, as BOARDERS, at 20 guineas, 20l. per annum. Unexceptionable references given.

A GERMAN LADY, highly educated in French, Italian, and English, and a Family member, who would impart instruction without pecuniary remuneration. Highest references given and Address R. R. Auxilium Institute, 8, Bath-street, London.

GERMAN, FRENCH, DUTCH.—Assistant Examiner, C. S. C., late Examiner of the Prince of Orange, conversationally and grammatically conversant with the French, Italian, and Dutch Languages. Examinations.—Address Christian Association, 25, Southampton-street, and 25, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, London.

NEWSPAPER

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA CONCERTS.—The THIRD of the Series will take place on WEDNESDAY NEXT, the 15th inst., when the following Artists will appear:—Messrs. Costi, Dione, Calderoni, Mari, and Penco; Signori Gardoni, Pellandini, Graciani, Neri Baraldi, Tagliabue, Polonini, Zeller, Lucchesi, and Tamberlik (his first appearance at the Crystal Palace this Season). Conductor, Mr. Costa.

The Programme will be duly announced. Open at 10; Concert at 11.

Admission Free by Two Guinea Season Tickets, or by One Guinea ditto and payment of Half-a-Crown; by Day Tickets, 7s. 6d., or, if purchased on or before the 14th inst., 5s. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. extra. Tickets may be had at the Crystal Palace, Exeter Hall, or of the usual Agents.

HANDEL COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL.

The FULL REHEARSAL of the entire Band and Chorus with principal soloists, will be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE, under the direction of Mr. Costa, on SATURDAY, the 18th of June, commencing at 11 o'clock, or as near thereto as may be possible.

The portions of each day's selection to be rehearsed, including solos as well as choruses, will be taken in the order in which they stand in the Books of Words, viz., 'Messiah,' and 'Te Deum' and Selection, for the first part of the Rehearsal, and 'Israel in Egypt' for the second part. It is expected that the second part of the Rehearsal will commence between half-past 1 and 2 o'clock.

The doors of the Palace will be open at 9 o'clock. Frequent Trains will run from London Bridge and Finsbury Stations from 8 o'clock in the morning.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

By Two-Guinea Season Tickets, Free.

By One-Guinea Season Tickets, on Payment of Half-a-Crown.

By Day Ticket, or, if purchased before Thursday, June 16, Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

The whole of the Area will be open to Holders of the preceding Tickets. Reserved Seats will be provided in the Galleries only, Half-a-Crown extra.

Tickets are now ready for issue at the Crystal Palace, and at Exeter Hall.

Cheques, or Post-office Orders, at either Office, to be made payable (if the latter, at the chief office) to the order of GEORGE GROVE, Esq., Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—HANDEL COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL.—This Great Musical Festival, the preparations for which have been in progress for the past three years, will be held as follows:—

Full Rehearsal, Saturday, 18th June, commencing at 11 o'clock.

Messiah, Monday, 20th 1 ..

Te Deum, Tuesday, 21st 1 ..

Israel in Egypt, Friday, 24th 1 ..

A considerable portion of the Orchestra has been re-constructed, and greatly enlarged and improved. It now presents a clear frontage of two hundred and sixteen feet, or double the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Performers—Professors and Amateurs—have been selected with the greatest care from the principal Orchestras, and from the leading Choral Societies, the Cathedral Choirs, and Musical Institutions of this and other countries. It will afford some idea of the extent of the gigantic Orchestra, which will be assembled for this memorable occasion, an occasion which will not recur for a century—to state, that it will comprise 242 Violins and Violas, 120 Violoncellos and Double Basses, with about 100 Wind and other instruments, which, with about 2700 Choralists, will form an aggregate considerably beyond Three Thousand Performers.

Solo Vocalists already engaged.

Madame CLARA NOVELLO, Mr. RIMS REEVES.

Miss DOLBY, Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

To the Rehearsal—by Two-Guinea Season Tickets Free, or by One-Guinea Season Ticket and payment of Half-a-Crown; by Day Ticket, Half-a-Guinea, or, if purchased before Thursday, June 16, Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

The whole of the Area will be open to Holders of the preceding Tickets. Reserved Seats will be provided in the Galleries only, at Half-a-Crown extra.

To the Performances—Numbered Stalls, Two and a Half-Guineas the Set, or One-Guinea Single Tickets. (A few of the Front Seats of the Gallery and Raised Seats in the Area at Five Guineas the Set, or Two Guineas Single Tickets.) Cannon-row and Waterloo-seats, Twenty-five Shillings the Set; or Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea. Early application for both of the above is recommended.

Sets in the Naves—Five Shillings each Day.

Separate approach will be provided for each class of Tickets, and, to prevent inconvenience to Visitors, the audience arrangements will be under the management of 200 experienced stewards from the Sacred Harmonic Society and other quarters.

Tickets, and Plans of Seats, and full particulars, on personal or written application, may be had at the Crystal Palace, or at Exeter Hall.

Cheques or Post-office Orders (the latter at the chief office) to be made payable to the order of GEORGE GROVE, Esq., Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company. By order,

GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—J. ALFRED NOVELLO informs the Public that he has been again entrusted by the Sacred Harmonic Society to select the Musical Copies necessary for the performers at the approaching Commemorative Festival, for the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company to provide the Vocal Score Octavo Hand-books for the use of the audience. He has also been authorized to print the whole of the Music for the Wednesday's Selection, in the order of its performance, which will be published uniform with his complete editions of Handel's 'Messiah,' and 'Israel in Egypt,' Music for either day can be purchased separately, and a New Pocket Edition of Handel's 'Messiah,' at 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d., has been printed especially to commemorate this Centenary. It will be sold at the Crystal Palace and at its approaches on the days of performance.

* * * The only authorized Books are those printed by Novello.

DAVID ROBERTS'S HOLY LAND, SYRIA, IDUMEA, ARABIA, EGYPT, AND NUBIA, from Drawings on Stone by Louis Haghe.—GEO. NEWBOLD, having purchased the remainder of these noble Works of Art, consisting of about 150 varieties, all beautifully coloured and mounted in imitation of the original drawings, has determined to sell them at prices which must insure a speedy clearance, namely, 1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d. each. A specimen dozen forwarded, carriage free, on receipt of a Post-office Order for 24s., payable to GEO. NEWBOLD, 2nd and 2nd, Strand, London, W.C.

ROSA BONHEUR'S HORSE FAIR, engraved by Thomas Landseer, the plate destroyed, a choice artist's proof, stamped and signed by the engraver, now selling at Fifteen Guineas, for 10; Prints, 2s.—Florida, by Walter Butler from the picture in possession of the Queen, lithographed by Lemonie, just issued at 10s. 6d., for 8s.—The Duel after the Masquerade, after Gericke, by Siroux, just issued at 10s., for 12s.—Engravings of every description supplied immediately upon publication, at a discount of 5s. in the pound. Catalogues gratis.—London: Geo. Newbold, 2nd and 2nd, Strand.

GENTLEMEN who appreciate intelligible and Catholic Christian Doctrine, are invited to DINE at St. JAMES'S HALL, Regent Street, on MONDAY, the 20th of June next, the eve of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Swedenborg Society.

Respondents to this social summons are requested to send their names and addresses, with 5s. 6d., to Mr. Wirtz, 36, Bloomsbury-street, New Oxford-street, not later than Monday, the 13th of June, when Tickets for the Dinner will be forwarded to them. The chair will be taken at 6 o'clock.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DEAN OF ELY.

COMMITTEE

For purchasing and presenting to the Royal Society the PORTRAIT of the late GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D. F.R.S., Painted by Mr. DOUGLAS Y. ELAKSTON.

C. J. Selwyn, Esq. M.P. Q.C., Chairman.

G. B. Airy, Esq. F.R.S., Astronomer Royal.

The Rev. Wm. Vernon Harcourt, F.R.S.

T. E. Headlam, Esq. M.P.

Sir John Herschel, Bart. F.R.S.

Dr. H. Benze Jones, F.R.S.

Prof. W. H. Miller, For Sec. R.S.

Sir Roderick Murchison, F.R.S.

Major-General Sabine, Treasurer R.S.

The Rev. Prof. Sedgwick, F.R.S.

Archibald Smith, Esq. F.R.S.

Prof. G. S. Stokes, Sec. R.S.

Tom Taylor, Esq.

Hon. Sec.: Dr. LIONEL BEALE, F.R.S.

The Picture is to be seen at Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi, 13, Pall Mall East.

Subscriptions (limited to One Guinea) will be received by Messrs. Colnaghi, or by the Hon. Secretary, 61, Grosvenor-st., London, W.

WANTED, for First-class Provincial Daily Political Writer. His duties would also comprise a small amount of Editorial supervision.—Address Eniron, Messrs. Newton & Co., Advertising Agents, Warwick-square, City, London, E.C.

TO PUBLISHERS.—TO BE SOLD, the COPYRIGHT of an ESTABLISHED FRENCH GRAMMAR.—Address, by letter only, to X. Y. Z., care of Mr. W. Allan, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPERS supplied with INSIDE SHEETS, printed on superior paper, containing Special Intelligence, and all the latest and most interesting News of the Week.—Apply to T. W. Lloyd, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

BANK OF DEPOSIT ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844, 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON. Capital Stock, 100,000.

Parties desirous of INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank, or Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with ample security.

Deposits made by Special Agreement, may be withdrawn without notice.

The Interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE WIDOW AND CHILDREN

or THE LATE PROFESSOR WALLACE, M.A.

The Friends of this well-known Writer, who died on the 16th of November last, have been induced to make the following appeal, in consequence of the sad and urgent necessities of the bereaved family.

The Books which he wrote and edited show the extent of his labours, especially in the cause of Popular Education, a cause which was always dear to his heart, even to the close of his life, and secured his earnest and assiduous devotion for many years.

Numerous have been the benefits resulting from his labours; and the promoters of Social Science and improvement have lost by his removal a sincere and efficient coadjutor.

A long literary career, however, brought him a limited and uncertain remuneration to the deceased and his large family, which entirely precluded him from making any provision for the future.

By his death, and that of his eldest son, within the last few months, his WIDOW and SEVEN surviving CHILDREN have been deprived of the means of support, not only of a Husband and a Father, but also of assistance from the elder branches of the family.

The loss which the family has sustained by their death is inexpressible great; and it is hoped the Friends of the deceased, and those who appreciate his literary and educational labours, will be induced to contribute to the fund which his widow and seven surviving children; that while they mourn the absence of their earthly support, they may rejoice to know that his "works follow him" in their immediate effects upon Educational Movements, and in respectful testimony to the worth of his character.

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LITERATURE

Our Naval Position and Policy. By a Naval Peer. (Longman & Co.)

It is the old question—what constitutes a State? Not moat or mound, gold or brass; but men. And what makes a navy? Symmetrical lines, oak, iron, hemp, vast dockyards, or the typical sailor? French and German writers—and, for the chief part, English writers—forget this question. Yet, does it not constitute our Naval Position? The formulas of philosophy may teach us something; mechanics may have a share; the statistician, certainly, claims a voice; but historical evidence stands the highest. We cannot say, or pretend to know, why the ancient Northmen were naturalized on the waters; but traditions, which scepticism has left unassailed, and testimony which no criticism can touch, build up the annals of that mighty seafaring race. What they were in Cæsar's time they are now, and have been, far and wide as we can trace their conquests, settlements, and adventures. Spain and Italy tell us how those Northerners prospered while their salt basis was within reach; but never did the crews of the crested galleys triumph when beyond the influence, so to speak, of foam and spray, of roller and breaker. Modern usage prescribes that no naval officer shall sit on a court-martial unless within sight of his pendant; so, also, as it seems, some unwritten code of nations determined that the heroes of a frozen Salamis should ever conquer within maritime boundaries, or, at least, so near the sea that they might suppose themselves resting upon it, as an army rests on the strength of some huge and impregnable fortress. Unconquering inland, the Northmen were invariably conquerors on the coast; all Europe—at any rate, whatever part of Europe they visited—points this moral and adorns this tale. The epic is that of a sailor race, from the days of the Triads to those of William Peel and that gallant Agamemnon, which he “handled like a fiddle-bow.” To little purpose shall we investigate the origin or reason of the maritime genius and propensity characterizing our nation. It cannot be traced to our insular position, because our forefathers found their way hither from a continent. It must not be ascribed to our close relations with the brine, since other tribes have equally fraternized with the unfathomable. We have existed, in this respect, upon a level with the Malays, the Pacific Islanders, and those land-loving serfs whose cottages sprinkle the shores of the Tartar Gulf. Whence, then, sprang the British sailor? From the old stock; from the hereditary sea-rovers; from the fellows with salt blood and a love for keel and helm. Such were the men in whom the spirit of Coke delighted. The king's ships, in his day, were “royal palaces,” “moving castles and bar-bicans”; among the vessels of other nations they were “like lions among silly beasts, or falcons among fearful fowls.” Nor was the English writer more flattering than the Roman, who thought none could rival us in our capacity for resisting “the assaults of storms.” But why dig bare these deeply-laid foundations of our naval history? Are we to be proud because Edgar was rowed on the Dee by eight tributary kings, or because Canute was rebuked by a ripple? The problem of our time is, whether Great Britain has really an incomparable fleet. Dibdin will not help us in that investigation. We want facts, not songs. The dramatic sailor, who can dispose of ten French lubbers before breakfast, is no antidote to Brest or Cherbourg.

Have we a sufficient navy, and do we, practically, rule the waves?

“A Naval Peer” thinks decidedly not. His book is intended as a denunciation and a warning. Without hinting at that which is manifestly intended as a secret, we may say that the work comes to us as one of authority. It is not an amateur who writes. If we are told to listen for danger-signals it is by one who has a right to admonish. Better have no navy at all, he says, than such a navy as ours, in the middle of the nineteenth century! This is a startling shot, fired across the bows of our British patriotism, so accustomed to the audacious “Mariners of England.” But we must be brought to think seriously sometimes about connivings and conspiracies abroad. We cannot rely for ever and ever upon forests of masts in the Thames, inky hulls, patched sails, and lurching able seamen. Certain uncomfortable questions have been put to the Navy, which it has not yet known how to answer, except by a band of music and an extra bounty. A frenzy of embarrassing independence has seized the seafaring classes; we can no longer persuade them that, after a short cruise, they may fry watches or light their pipes with Bank of England notes; they have learnt how, during the great war, floggings and hangings were more abundant than prize-money; they remember the crimp and the press-gang, and that frightful legend of a Lord Chancellor spirited away to Toulon, where he was taught, by harsh tutors, the difference between a flush-deck and a high-poop, the cock-pit and the cross-trees. There is something to do aboard ship in this degenerate epoch besides flouting a yellow handkerchief, hailing a bumboat, catching parrots to sell on Ratcliffe Highway, or hitching up a pair of intolerably blue and broad trousers. Civilization has done its worst under spanker booms and hatches. Or is it that we have abandoned the melo-dramatic theory of a sailor's life, the cant of novels and songs, and yarns about blue-jackets, who are all the cutlass-bearing lovers of black-eyed Susans? Susan's black eye, it may be feared, is generally the result of a promiscuous back-handed fight in the cosmopolitan parish of Stepney.

Many chapters in the treatise of “a Naval Peer” are written lightly and satirically. Sometimes the form is that of parody; at others, of dialogue. But the purport of the volume is unmistakably serious. The author, whom we may guess as one wielding a responsible pen, commits himself to the view that our naval forces, as at present organized, are worse than none at all. We cannot be expected to discuss with him this question, however extraordinary its interest, however close it comes to all English sympathies. But we have suggested the one difficulty in the way of accepting these alarmist views; they all leave out of sight the unique British seaman as a sailing, fighting, tempest-quelling being. Where else in the world is there strictly and purely a sailor? Not even in America, we think. Certainly not in France. Scarcely in the Baltic. Russia supplies not one. The Greeks are but consters and bathers. Roll, hitch, handkerchief, slang, courage, skill, patience, power of mastering the sea, friendship with the waters; all these belong, exuberantly and exclusively, to that Jack Tar who employs, without a deflection of accent, the faithful dialect of Wapping.

Still, it would be national madness to go to sea in search of a fool's paradise. “A Naval Peer” insists upon this point elaborately. We have a navy, he urges, but, considering what it is, we might more safely be without one. In that case we should have a large army, inland

fortifications, entrenched camps, and all the other securities of continental nations. But we rely upon our fleet, which is never in readiness, and upon a system of naval administration only comparable in its impotent dilatoriness with an old-fashioned Chancery suit. Thus, being without military guarantees, we should establish our supremacy at sea. This, the writer maintains, Great Britain has hitherto failed to do. Eight millions sterling are yearly paid for the British navy; but what of the results? France, the “Naval Peer” affirms—in concurrence with Sir Charles Wood—has secured a far larger supply of seamen for her fleet, and has superior facilities for equipping her naval forces upon a sudden emergency. To oppose her, or any other enemy at sea, we have but our blockships, and our aggregate of liners scattered over all the waters of the globe:—

“It is worth mentioning here, that about the time when an English minister was making his statement of our invulnerability, a French naval officer was upon a mission to this country, which brought him into contact with an English officer peculiarly and officially conversant with our maritime population. The Frenchman, referring to the immense number of our merchant seamen, observed that in practice they were not, as in France, available for manning our ships of war. This was admitted by the British officer, who qualified the admission by saying, that although we could not get men at the beginning of a war, yet we should after a time; and that of course it would always be our policy to prevent any other power obtaining command of the Channel. ‘Obtaining command of the Channel!’ said the French officer, ‘France could do so at any time, under her present arrangements, or rather, has command of the Channel at this moment.’”

The French Maritime Inscription means, of course, a large fleet with superior celerity; but let us again suggest, is the result equivalent? Were the serf-soldiers shot down at Inkermann comparable with the British Guards? If not, would the forced naval levies of France compete, physically or morally, with our race of hardened volunteers? It is true, however, that while merchant-vessels have filled, men-of-war have been unable to collect their crews,—that the *Renown* was engaged for five months in obtaining her complement,—and that seamen of late have held back from service in the Royal Navy. We question the “Naval Peer” for an explanation, and his volume supplies it, amply and intelligently. It must be admitted, however, that he puts something like a dismal faith in the probability of invading England, overrunning Sussex, and sacking London. Woolwich is defenceless; the Thames lies open; any Dutchman might ascend our sacred river, just as a British commodore might run up to Rouen with sword and fire! And, thus unprotected, we are incessantly chafing, goading, and challenging the Continental powers, particularly France, which the British press has marked for ignominy, insult, and vituperation. Here, according to the authority we quote, there is a clear *casus belli*, or a pretence which, on a convenient occasion, may be interpreted as meaning the same thing. Consequently, the “Naval Peer” urges, it is unsafe to rely upon our “invincible navy,” a country “rising as one man,” or the calculation that, should an invasion take place, no French Hector would return to his Hecuba. “Be beaten, or even perish,” said the first Napoleon to his subordinate and friend; “but clear the way for me.” Suppose thirty Russian three-deckers advancing from the Baltic, and the same number of French first-rates, entering the Channel, what would England do? The mystery is a perplexing one, but we may hope that the blood of all our

Blakes has not yet been spilled. Still, we have an embarrassing prospect:—

"According to the unquestionably correct statements made by the First Lord of the Admiralty, we could, 'in case of emergency' (for the sources relied upon are only available in such a case), collect, possibly 'in a fortnight,' but 'at all events in a month,' a Channel fleet of twenty sail, of which, however, nine would be old blockships, and the eleven remaining ones only, line-of-battle ships."

Lord Palmerston has said, "The channel is no longer a barrier; steam navigation has rendered that which was before impassable by a military force nothing more than a river passable by a steam-bridge." Perhaps this view undervalues the "thin streak of sea-sickness" lying between Great Britain and France; but the development of new facilities for invasion is undeniable. In the Mediterranean, possibly, flaws in the French naval system may be discovered,—and at Brest and Cherbourg we may detect differences between truths and boasts; yet the stream is wide and deep enough to carry us away. We cannot expect, as did the sanguine Black Sea officer, always to fight in a gale of wind, or to bring our best broadsides against the enemy's worst. So far we have condensed the Naval Peer's opinions. He may now proceed in his own terms; concerning the strategic railway system soon to be inaugurated at Cherbourg:—

"Why France will in any case have a fleet of fourteen sail of the line off Toulon, perhaps at Cherbourg, to inaugurate the new military railway. Russia will have thirty sail of the line in the Baltic, which may perchance also drop in at Cherbourg. England will (it is said) try to get up a small force also; why not a demonstration worthy of her, and calculated to repair her injured prestige?"

"A steam ship is like the queen in chess, a sailing ship at best but a castle." Then, we want a knowledge of fleet evolutions among our commanding officers, such as not one in a hundred ever had a chance of acquiring. But what and where are our raw materials? The yard at Cherbourg is as large as Portsmouth, Devonport, and Keyham put together; the French "have one hundred and thirty acres in all their yards, to our thirty-four acres;" they can bring their vessels nearer to their quays; more-over—

"1. In efficient ships, France nearly equals us, our force being (of the line) forty-two to their forty. 2. In the power of manning those ships for any sudden emergency, France greatly surpasses us. 3. And for equipping her ships, France possesses, in Sir C. Wood's words, *infinitely greater facilities*."

At the central point of his dissertation the writer of this significant volume breaks off to descant about himself. Who is he? That must be unexplained. What is he? Well, a peer, with naval experience, and on half-pay. Why does he publish? Because no one else of equal authority will do so. He served in the late Russian War; he is not Methuselah; and he thinks he may do some service by printing his notes and queries on the British navy. Useful he may be, but he is not consolatory when he criticizes the hearts of oak and wooden walls,—and yet who could pay warmer homage than the Peer?—

"What would Napoleon I., who proposed to carry 120,000 soldiers across the Straits in row-boats, have given for steam power? It was one of his aphorisms, that 'England over-awed Europe by 30,000 trained seamen,' and his difficulty was to get that number of French sailors to cope with the vicissitudes of wind, tide, and weather, that affect a sailing fleet. Where is that difficulty now? Who that has really considered the matter doubts that France, aye, or Russia either, has 30,000 sufficiently trained seamen to stand on their legs and to fight the guns of a steam fleet? The gun-drill is learned in harbour, and a few weeks at sea will

make even landmen steady on their legs. But, in fact, both France and Russia have the required number of seamen, not mere blue-jackets, but trained man-of-war's men, quite good enough for a steam fleet."

—And to what does all this amount? We follow the argument of the Naval Peer and find him, after deploring the defenceless state of Great Britain, congratulating Russia upon her maritime resources. As to the readiness with which thousands of men may be made to embark, Russia, he urges, would take the lead, and her sailors would be imbued with the strictest and sternest sense of military discipline. *Cui bono?* Can they fight at sea? Of what value is an unhorsed hussar on the deck of a frigate?

—and what is the use of a frigate that dares not venture out of harbour? We must have a Russian Rodney or Nelson before these calculations alarm us. France, indeed, deserves better treatment than she meets with from the Naval Peer, who catalogues her as second to Russia "in the power of embarking a large force of disciplined seamen." Here is the very mistake over which so many transcendental disquisitionists have stumbled. They forget that Nelson's simple watchword, "England expects every man to do his duty!" was more effective than twelve months of drill or terror. You cannot make a sailor out of a Frenchman or a Turk, any more than you can make a hippopotamus out of a water-snake, or a rainbow out of a chameleon. The things may have attributes in common; but they are essentially, inevitably, and interminably different. The invasion of Great Britain, however, is contemplated by "a Naval Peer" as more of a military than a naval operation. Natural and nautical circumstances, he considers, would further the enemy's purpose. Speaking of Cherbourg:—

"From the depth of water at the entrance of the docks, ships can be taken in at all times of high water, while in Portsmouth and Plymouth we are obliged to wait for spring tides. Should a general engagement, therefore, occur in the Channel during the neap tides, France could repair her ships at once, and send them to sea, while ours were waiting to get into dock."

It was time that the coronetted alarmist should explain. Though in one chapter he deplors the sacrifice of British naval supremacy, in another he believes that we retain it. We are still guarded by the fame of Blake and Benbow, Shovel and Anson, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson. This is reassuring, but a figure looms on the horizon, a portentous image—Louis Napoleon. He and France, says the Naval Peer, have much to forget and forgive, to forego and forswear, before they leave England safe. Concerning the Emperor himself, no compliments are wasted:—

"The inheritance of a great name is (we know such cases in England) not an unmixed advantage, for the giant's clothes will only make the dwarf more ridiculous."

"Six ages of shame and insult" have to be avenged by France, was the first Bonaparte's declaration. Waterloo has to be avenged, said the third. Our brethren of the press have been carrying on so fierce a warfare that it were no wonder if some of the shafts stung at the Tuilleries. This, according to the Naval Peer, should prompt all Englishmen to be careful of their navy. He adjures them to remember how their maritime ascendancy was won, how they broke up the fleets of Holland, France, and Spain, and how our pedigree of triumph lengthened, from St. Vincent to Jervis, from Camperdown to the Nile, from Copenhagen to Trafalgar. By these battles England won a prestige, which, he imagines, she since has lost. It must be recovered, at any price,—and a picture is set before us, like that

famous one drawn by Canning at Liverpool, to stimulate our enthusiasm:—

"The old watch-word, 'All's well,' may perhaps be heard within the walls of Parliament still, yet feebly, hesitatingly pronounced, and incredulously heard. How significant, 'par parenthèse,' may the application of our naval watchwords to this case be made! When the ship of war is in harbour, snugly moored, and sails furled, the hands below, the half-hourly watchword is no longer that used at sea. As the officer of the watch slowly paces the deck, instead of turning his eyes aloft, to windward, or to the compass, in quick succession, he abandons himself to pleasant musings, and enjoys the quiet scene. The giant ship slumbers in her black shade; her well-squared yards and lofty masts show out sharp against the starlight sky; the glimmering shore lights are reflected upon the dark smooth tide, and the great-coated sentry looks peeringly down into its gloomy mysterious bosom. Suddenly his reverie is broken by the clang of a ship's bell. One, two—three, four—five, six—seven, peals the bell: 'A-l-l's—well!' calls out the first gangway sentry, not unmusically; 'A-l-l's—well!' responds his comrade on the other side, in a tenor; 'A-l-l's—well!' continues the fore-castle sentry; while, as if Echo had been disturbed in her midnight slumber, the same sounds come floating down from invisible ships 'up the harbour,' faint and more faint, until the last 'All's well!' dies away, and moody Silence returns to her post. But when the ship is at sea, and the quick eyes of the look-outs are on the stretch, there is another watchword when the bell strikes: 'Keep a good look-out on the starboard gangway!' cries the first, with a quick, sharp, lively note. 'Keep a good look-out on the starboard bow!' cries the second, and so on right round the ship to the last receiver of the challenge, who responds with 'Aye, aye.'"

It was once an admitted query, whether a seasoned bargeman, having made a thousand trips on a canal, was not superior, as a sailor, to a midshipman who had gone round the world. Burke, we know, doubted whether a postillion, pacing incessantly up and down twelve miles of road, did not gain more experience of human nature than most explorers; but what is to be said of civil Admiralty Lords! Must they all be professional, asks the Naval Peer, or may laymen intrude into the precincts! Leaving that question unanswered, let us pass on to an interrogation followed by a reply:—

"The French are a strange, a most eccentric people! But of all their eccentricities their manner of dealing with their Naval Administration was the most surprising! Like some other countries, they had a naval system which did not work well, and of all things in the world, what does any one suppose they did with their system? They changed it!"

The account of the French system, though somewhat tedious, is satisfactory. "A Naval Peer" has evidently studied that branch of his subject in its minutest detail. A very important and attractive section of his volume repeats the evidence of sundry French naval officers concerning their own fleet, and the feasibility of invading Great Britain. To all present and to come, be it known, by these presents, that the majority are in favour of humbling us "proud islanders," if not "under the walls of Calcutta," at any rate in Lombard Street.

A satirical chapter is devoted to the British principle of stationing a naval force near the various colonies and dependencies of the Empire. We have nothing to say, of course, for or against the theory thus sustained; but it may be suggested, that the "Naval Peer" would have more effectively supported his views had he been less melo-dramatic and personal. We cannot help thinking that his imaginary characters, consuls or captains, represent individuals against whom he may have laid up,

perhaps involuntarily, a store of ridicule and rancour. Still, the general argument flows on dispassionately enough. To rifle volunteers are dedicated, without permission, sundry unpremeditated remarks:—

"Nine Englishmen out of ten, if the subject of Invasion were discussed, would indignantly repudiate the idea of its success, declaring that 'We should rise as one man to oppose the enemy'; or else, 'They might land in England, perhaps, but not one would return.' Now neither of these assertions will bear examination. In words, the rising of a whole people may appear something very feasible and very formidable, but for any services that a great mob of unorganized, undisciplined men, could render against a regular army, they might as well stay at home. Numbers without any organization count for nothing in modern warfare. In fact to the general who might command our army there could hardly be a less welcome sight than such auxiliaries, forming a huge, shapeless, unmanageable mass, cumbering all the roads and utterly incapable of united action! The first and only thing to do with such well meaning volunteers would be to get them (if possible) out of the way."

Cruel, but possibly true. A little too much stress is laid on the colour of plumes and the tint of coats, on the "browning" of rifles and the "appearance" of a waist-belt. So thorough a veteran as the "Naval Peer," as might have been expected, spurns these trivialities; but we must judge of him by his ultimate views, as we do of the first Napoleon by his final achievements. To believe this book, we must acknowledge that, scientifically speaking, Napoleon ought to have successfully invaded England,—that Villeneuve should have won at Trafalgar, and that our British race owes its chief glory to vulgar accident. In fact, we are marvelously fortunate, or our enemies must, long ago, have been our perdition:—

"We are all familiar, either from actual observation or through the excellent plans and views published, with the defences of Sebastopol, Cronstadt, and Cherbourg. We know that they are protected by tier over tier of frowning batteries, and that the guns may literally be counted by thousands. We know also, or may know at the expense of a return ticket, that where France and Russia mount a hundred guns we mount five or at most ten to protect some vital point. In some cases even this modicum of precaution has been very lately taken, and had we been attacked suddenly it is too fearful to think what must have been the result. People imagine that our superiority by sea saved us, but that superiority was often a fiction, and an enterprising enemy might have struck an almost irreparable blow at the very sources of the naval power we trust in. Any one wishing to gauge the extent of British insouciance and rashness might take his stand upon the Maker heights near Plymouth, and gaze on the scene beneath—a lovely scene it is too, and full of interest. Without, in the entrance to Plymouth Sound, lies the famous Breakwater, which in France would be crowned by strong forts, each mounting a hundred guns, and with us is defended by a crane and broken sentry-box. Then in case of an enemy passing these formidable obstacles, there have been two new batteries erected inside the Sound, of twelve guns each, where France or Russia would have placed a hundred, with many mortars. Let the spectator turn his face landwards, and just clear of the Mount Edgecumbe woods; he will see Her Majesty's Naval Arsenal, with all its building sheds, its ships building, its heaps of timber, and its immense store-houses. To the left of these the silver Tamar, dotted over with its ships of war mastless, gunless, and unarmed. All this national wealth and potential strength, lies at the mercy of any force which may hold the Maker heights, lies temptingly beneath them, and might, by the use of rockets and field howitzers, be involved in one huge conflagration. The access to the heights (for an invading force) would be either from the beach of Cawsand Bay immediately below, or Whitesand Bay, some four miles to the westward."

We have found in this volume less of dignified and practical illustration, and more of random firing, than we had anticipated. It is the work of some one who thinks forcibly, but writes experimentally. The "Naval Peer" exhibits, beyond all cavil, great knowledge and rare practical sense; and it would be a gratifying thing to say, that his book was worthy, not of the subject, but of the spirit in which that subject has been treated. We must, however, warn such readers as may be disposed to follow the "Naval Peer's" researches and speculations, that, keen and bright as the needle may be, a bundle of hay is, as Sancho Panza would have said, "a ponderosity and an embarrassment."

A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in the Autumn of 1857 and the beginning of 1858.
By Nassau W. Senior, Esq. (Longman & Co.)

A gentleman utterly respectable, who dines with ambassadors and writes Esquire on his title-page, scouring the East of Europe in search of light, more light, but carrying with him fixed ideas of its corrupt society and detestable religion, pencil and note-book in hand, eager to pounce upon any scrap of conversation caught by the way, and to dab it down, heads and tails, crust and crumb, for a most ungrateful public at home, is not, generally, the sort of person you hear with angelic patience counting the sunny peaks of the Cyclades, or pottering over returns and averages in the Golden Horn. We have all on our travels met the bore. You are looking down from the Vela over the great Moorish capital, and the low spurs of the Sierra, where Columbus rode and Isabella encamped:—"Large city, Sir, this Granada—very large city, Sir—how many inhabitants do you suppose, Sir? Ha! Fifty millions. Should not have thought so many. Well, really, a great city. How many poor, Sir? And the staple industry, Sir?" Or you are lying under the first catamar of the Nile, enjoying the heavenly coolness and the myriad-tinted scatter of the silver spray:—"Great water-power, Sir; great loss of water-power, Sir. Fifty mills, Sir, might be turned by that fall; and fifty mills would find weaving and spinning, Sir, for all those Gawazi girls we saw dancing and shrugging at Esné the other day!" And so he goes round the world, bothering dreamers and lotos-eaters with his statistics and stuff, instead of staying at home like a good creature, to pose Lord Stanley and worry the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Senior, we grieve to say, shows a dangerous proclivity towards this class. How many inhabitants, Sir, in Tripoli? How many bushels of wheat, Sir, shipped at the Golden Horn? We confess it. We tire of these interesting queries. We don't go to the Nile, or push up the Guadalquivir, or scurry across the Sea of Marmora, in search of this sort of useful information. We detest a tourist who drones about the population tables of Anadol, or the number of dates consumed per year in Abyssinia; and rather long for those rapturous old gentlemen, who, in the land of poetry and peccadilloes, never thought of asking consuls how much the Janizaries cost the Sultan in shoes, but who took care to gather every available particular about the Maid of Athens. Mr. Senior, too, is credulous. Pera is not Pall Mall, and the countrymen of Scheherazade are not as the brethren of Elizabeth Fry. A note-book, look you, is a perilous thing in a land where words are air—parti-coloured films of cloud—sparkle of glancing foam and mirage of the desert sand. Mr. Senior sets down everything told him by

Greek and Levantine, as if he were not living in fable-land, and as if Greek and Levantine were not common English for liar and rogue. The result is not lovely, nor is it perhaps true. Turk is allowed to describe Greek, and Levantine Turk: the likeness in both cases having the happy lines of a sixpenny photograph, in which a philanthropist comes out strong as the best of cut-throats. What is the worth of this reported scandal in which everybody abuses his neighbour? Would Mr. Senior think it useful to print the gossip of a London club-room on the character of Frank or Russ? Yet he would know that the good-natured fellows who chatter and joke at our neighbour's cost have no private malice, and have had some fair means of knowledge. Can he believe as much of his Greek gossips?

Occasionally there is a readable passage. For instance:—

"Achmed Vefic Effendi is a man of about forty-five, speaking perfect French and reading English. His library, a respectable one, contains many English books. On his table lay Lane's Arabian Nights. He has been much in Persia, talked of Herodotus and Ctesias, and would pass in Europe for a remarkably well-informed man. On our arrival, at about half-past five, we had pipes and coffee, and aniseed and water, which I thought strong, but which our host maintained to be very weak. At dinner we sat round a large silver disk, placed on a round table. First came soup, for which we had spoons, but no plates. Then came half a roasted sheep, in which our host made some incisions with his knife, and we tore out with our hands morsels which were excellent. Mutton chops stewed with abundance of vegetables, a pillau, and stews of artichokes and of mushrooms followed, but only one dish at a time. We had excellent Bordeaux wine, of which our host took his share. After dinner we returned to the library and resumed our pipes, the Effendi enjoying a hookah. He complained that the two hours after dinner were his worst time. 'We all of us,' he said, 'eat too much, and I own that I am somewhat of a bon constricteur. My natural state after dinner is kief.'—'What precisely,' I asked, 'is kief?'—'Kief,' he answered, 'is best described by negatives. You are not unconscious, yet you do not think. You are not awake, yet you are not asleep. Appearances float slowly before your eyes, which you know to be imaginary, but cannot either call up or dismiss. They have a charm about them which does not accompany anything real. No music is so sweet as that which you hear in kief; no women are so charming as those who visit you in kief.' But notwithstanding we interrupted his kief, our host was gay and amusing. We talked of pictures. 'That is an expense,' he said, 'in which we do not indulge, but I will show you our substitutes.' And he brought out three or four manuscript books, small folios written on vellum in very black ink, and adorned with arabesques in gold. 'These,' he said, 'are written by some of our old masters in calligraphy, men whose names and whose works are as well known as those of Raffaele or Titian. They belong to the great 16th century, the golden age of calligraphy. You will observe that there is not in any of them a single erasure or interlineation, and I can assure you that there is not a single fault.'—'I suppose,' I said, 'that when a fault had been made, the leaf was cancelled?'—'A great writer,' he answered, 'never makes a fault.' We talked about the state of the country. 'What we most want,' he said 'are roads. We have nothing but tracks filled with stones in our towns, so that it takes you an hour to walk a mile, and, in the country, rocky, stony, or boggy, according to the ground. Except in the immediate neighbourhood of our towns, the land is not half cultivated, because the peasant cannot carry the produce to market. He produces, therefore, only for his own consumption. He is truly a proletarian; he contributes to the population of the country, but not to its wealth.'—'It seems to me,' I said, 'that you neglect the great sea-road which nature has given you. You have scarcely any steamers across th

Bosphorus, and those which ply laterally are not half enough for the demand, even at their extravagant prices."—"That is quite true," he answered. "A company has the monopoly, and finds it more profitable to have a few steamers overcrowded at high fares, than many at moderate ones. The monopoly has still some years to run."—"And will it be renewed?" I asked.—"That will depend," he answered, "on what the monopolists are able or willing to pay, and who is in office. With us government is supposed to exist for the benefit, not of the governed, but of the governors. When the question of renewing the monopoly has to be discussed, the only party unrepresented will be the public."—"I was struck," I said, "when I walked the deck of the steamer off Stamboul, between ten and eleven at night, by the repose of the town. I scarcely saw a light, and scarcely heard a sound, except the barking of dogs."—"And yet," said Vefic, "in this great, populous, unlighted, and scarcely-watched town, there is little crime, not a tenth of what prevails in the Frank quarters of Galata and Pera. Stamboul is divided into districts; the principal inhabitants of each district form a sort of senate. They admit into the districts as residents only those whom they approve. They turn out those whose conduct is objectionable. We have not in Stamboul the professionally criminal population, which renders many great towns unsafe."

We notice in Mr. Senior's book an involuntary witness in favour of the Turks—their intelligence, their courtesy, and their liberality. Here is a curious note of a general conversation at Reschid Pasha's:—

"The conversation, in compliment I suppose to the Sheriffe, took a religious turn. As it was carried on chiefly in Turkish, I could follow only its general drift. First they talked of the Trinity, and compared the Buddhist, the Brahminical, and the Christian Trinities. Reschid, who apparently is not deep in ecclesiastical history, asked me about the differences between the Greek and Latin churches. 'Qu'est que c'est,' he said, 'que la Procession du St. Esprit? Qu'est que veut dire le mot Procédant?' I answered that I had not the slightest notion; and that I thought it probable that if the same question were asked of beings with intellects capable of comprehending such mysteries, they would answer that the words 'Procession and Procédant,' as used by men in theological controversy, had no meaning whatever. 'And yet,' he said, 'those words separate the Christian world into two hostile camps.'—'Just,' I said, 'as the question, Who was the lawful successor of the Prophet, separates into two hostile camps the Mussulman world.'—'You Protestants,' he replied, 'care little about the controversy between the Greeks and the Latins; for you, I believe, are Arians.'—'Very few of us,' I answered. 'Luther was a strong Trinitarian.'—'I supposed him,' said Reschid, 'to have been an Arian, because a reformer is generally a simplifier; and certainly the Arian doctrine, that the Begotten preceded the Begotten, is simpler than the Trinitarian one, that they have been eternally co-existent.'—'Were the Wahabees,' I asked, 'simplifiers?'—'To this extent,' he answered; 'that they discarded the traditions, to which we attach great importance. In fact the Mussulman creed, that God is one, and that Mahomet was divinely commissioned to reveal that doctrine, is too simple to be simplified. The rules which Mahomet laid down for our domestic habits and for our conduct towards others, and which are preserved in our traditions, and still more the commentaries on those rules, are the complicated parts of our religion. The Wahabees so far simplified it that, as I said before, they rejected tradition, and paid little attention to commentaries.'

To these paragraphs we shall add one of the endless tales of the Greek banditti. The scene is at the very gates of Smyrna:—

"We dined with Mr. Hanson, and met Dr. M'Crith, a physician settled for some years in Smyrna. We talked of the two robber chiefs, Yani Katergee and Simos.—"I spent a week," he said, "in company with Simos by day and by night."—"We all," I said, "heard of your capture; will you give us some of the details of your residence with

him? How long ago was it?"—"Three years," he answered; "I was riding in 1854, one summer's afternoon, from Bournabat to a neighbouring village, about four miles from Smyrna, when I was desired to stop, and found myself surrounded by armed men. They led me into a thicket, where I found nine or ten prisoners like myself. They kept us there until it was dark, then dismissed all except six, that is to say, four Smyrniotes, a Jew, and myself. They fixed the ransoms of the Smyrniotes and me at first at 3,000*l.*, or 600*l.* a piece, made me write a note stating their demand, and sent the Jew to Smyrna on my horse to bring it, having first stripped him of his fur pelisse, and given it to me to wear in the mountains during the nights. They then walked us off across the plain to the mountains. We halted high up in an oak wood, took a sheep and a couple of lambs from a neighbouring fold, and roasted them whole, on which, with the fine water of the mountains, I made a good supper; and Simos, who took great care of me, made me a bed of boughs of trees. All the next day we lay quiet, sentinels being posted round. As soon as it was dark, finding that three of the Smyrniotes were of little value, they sent them off, and we then started and walked rapidly towards the place, about twenty miles off, where the Jew was to meet us on the day after with the ransom. I was tired; they met an old man on a donkey, took it from him, put me on it, and made him accompany us to take care of it."—"How many," I asked, "were the robbers?"—"They were originally nine," he said, "all Greeks; but on the second day we recruited a tenth, a young Turk, whom we met flying from the conscription. He was well armed, and we complied with his request to be allowed to join us. The third night's march brought us near to the place where we were to find the Jew with the ransom. We posted our watch and lay quiet. One of them fell asleep on his post, and was severely beaten by Simos. Towards noon our sentinels reported that they could see with their telescopes about thirty Turkish soldiers climbing up the mountain. "We shall not let them take you out of our hands," said Simos to me: he had said the same thing to me once or twice before. "I wish," I said to him, "that you would not keep dining that into my ears; I know what you mean, and you need not always be putting me in mind of it."—"What did it mean?" I asked.—"It meant," he answered, "that to prevent a rescue they would shoot me."—"What could they get by that?" I asked.—"It would set an example," he answered; "they could show that the only means of saving a prisoner's life was to pay his ransom, that to rescue him was impossible. The robbers," he continued, "aware that the Jew had betrayed them, took up a position on the mountain side, where the path was steep, and waited the arrival of the soldiers under cover of rocks and brushwood. They left my fellow-prisoner and me under the guard of two men, one of whom was the man who had been beaten. This man stood with us, a little behind the brow of the hill. The other was on its edge, and could look down on the field of battle. In about an hour we heard shots, and from their frequency it seemed that the action was brisk. Our guard had been very sulky ever since his beating. I said to him, "You have taken to a trade which will not prosper; you are sure in a year or two, perhaps in a day or two, to be shot or beheaded. Help me to escape, and I will ensure you pardon and preferment." He turned very red, and said that he could not break his oath to Simos. "Nonsense," I said, "do you suppose that God requires you to keep such an oath as that?" Then he said that the other man would shoot us. "On the contrary," I said, "I will shoot him. He has his back towards us, I lend me your gun; the instant I have shot him we will run down the hill to the soldiers below." As I was saying this the guard, who was in advance, turned, and called out to us that the soldiers were beaten, and running, throwing away their arms. So this chance of escape had failed. None of the band were hit, but I was told that several of the soldiers had fallen. Simos now said that he would take a circuit of two days to a house where he had a friend on whom he could rely, as bearer of the ransom and the message. We walked for about four hours over the mountain

ridges, and then lay down in a thicket. Soon after a Turk, on horseback, rode along the track, and turned from it, I know not with what intention, into the thicket. He was instantly shot. The old man, to whom the ass belonged, was sitting near us, quietly smoking his chibouk. One of the robbers came behind and shot him in the back. The ball probably reached the heart, for he leapt forward and fell dead. It was still daylight, and therefore earlier than our usual hour of moving, but Simos thought our position dangerous, and we commenced our march towards the house of his friend.—"You must not suppose," he said to me, "that I like this bloodshed. It gives me great pain, but it is one of the misfortunes of my profession."—"I can understand," I said, "your shooting the Turk. If I were a Greek, I would shoot a Turk whenever I could. But why did you shoot the poor old man, who had been living with you, eating with you, sleeping with you for three days?"—"I did not do it," he answered, "Pericles did it; he is a young hand, and thoughtless. If I had known what he was going to do, I should have stopped him, but as it has been done there is no use in fretting about it." He was much elated at his victory, and wrote an insulting letter to the Pasha, and another to Mr. James Whittall, raised our ransom to 100,000 piastres, or 9,000*l.*, and sent the letters off by a shepherd whom he found on the mountain. We walked all night, and lay quiet the next day. The Smyrniote and I convinced him that the demand of 100,000 piastres was absurd, and the utmost he could hope from us was 500*l.* a piece. In the middle of the following night, we reached his friend's house. He made me write to Mr. J. Whittall a demand of 40,000 piastres, or 3,000*l.* as ransom; but it was understood between us and communicated to the messenger, that if the messenger brought back 500*l.* or about 6,000 piastres, I was to be released. I believe the Smyrniote came to a similar arrangement with him. He wrote to his friends, and I wrote to my wife, and also to Mr. James Whittall, requesting our respective ransoms be given to the bearer. My wife had not the money in the house; but as no time was to be lost, it was immediately procured for her. The next day the messengers returned with the 500*l.* a piece for us. Simos shook me cordially by the hand when we parted, and gave me a sovereign to pay my expenses home.—"I suppose," I said, "that you made the Turkish Government repay your ransom."—"I drew for it," answered Dr. M'Crith, "on Lord Stratford, who I believe advanced it out of his own pocket. Of course the Turks ultimately paid it."—"What became," I asked, "of the band?"—"Suleiman Pasha," he answered, "was then our governor; he required looking after. We were not sure that part of our ransoms did not go to him, so the consuls went in a body to impress on him the necessity of repressing an organized system of crime which was in fact confining us within the walls of the town. Under the old Turkish law, the course would have been simple. A reward would have been set on the heads of all who formed part, or were supposed to form part, of the gang, and they would have been shot down by the country people. But since the Hatt-i-Sherif of Gul Haneh, the procedure is more regular. It was thought that they ought to be tried, and in that case, they could not be executed unless the heirs of some of their victims asked blood for blood. Such was the terror that no one ventured to do this. At last we got over it by making the Pasha himself come into court and ask blood for blood, in respect of his soldiers killed in the attack on the mountain. The result was that all my ten companions were satisfactorily disposed of. Some were shot, some were beheaded, and the bodies of some were found on the shore near to their prison, which was an old Genoese castle, on a low tongue of land projecting into the bay. It was said that they had all been drowned in an attempt to escape. But it took about a year. The last but one killed was Simos. The police stopped two suspicious-looking men at Cordelon Point; one of them said that, if they would let him go, he would tell them a valuable secret. They promised, and he then said that his companion was Simos. Simos tried

to break away, and was killed in the struggle. They cut off his head, and took it to the Austrian consul-general to be identified. The informer was beheaded in due time."

We make no attempt to analyze Mr. Senior's book; because we hold that the method of it is false, and the material collected worthless. A few paragraphs may be culled from it, such as the above; but the mass of it is the result of an admirable industry thrown away.

The Story of Cawnpore. By Capt. Mowbray Thomson, Bengal Army. (Bentley.)

SHALL we say—too late! Is not the din of battle sounding from the banks of the Ticino? No matter. Those who will take the trouble to peruse this narrative will rise from it with the conviction that its interest is of a nature that can never wholly die, and will, perhaps, think it better that its publication has been reserved for a time when the anguish of regretful friends has become less poignant, and the vengeful emotions, which it would at first have inflamed, have been appeased.

If there has hitherto been any doubt on the matter, this sober and evidently most truthful record decides the fact, that history, so rich in tales of suffering and horror, can produce few parallels to the siege and massacre of Cawnpore. We believe that the prevailing idea is that there was a short and terrible outbreak at this ill-omened place, and that the merciless Náná, having induced the feeble garrison, after a brief struggle, to surrender, put them all to the sword. This idea, terrible as it is, embodies but a small portion of the frightful reality. The Cawnpore sufferers entered the inclosure, which was to be their charnel-house, on the 21st of May, 1857. From that time till the 30th of June every kind of suffering that the most horrible forebodings, to be only too truly justified by the events,—that famine, hunger, nakedness, exposure to the tremendous heat of the flaming Indian sun,—that wounds and the agonizing spectacle of wounded, tortured, butchered relatives,—could inflict, was undergone by each and every one of the hapless Cawnpore garrison. Take one specimen-picture of the horrors that were experienced:—

"The sufferings of the women and children from thirst were intense, and the men could scarcely endure the cries for drink, which were almost perpetual from the poor little babes, terribly unconscious as they were, most of them, of the great, great cost at which only it could be procured. I have seen the children of my brother officers sucking the pieces of old water-bags, putting scraps of canvas and leather straps into the mouth to try and get a single drop of moisture upon their parched lips. Not even a pint of water was to be had for washing from the commencement to the close of the siege; and those only who have lived in India can imagine the calamity of such a privation to delicate women who had been accustomed to the most frequent and copious ablutions as a necessary of existence. Had the relieving force which we all thought to have been on its way from Calcutta ever seen our beleaguered party, strange indeed would the appearance presented by any of us after the first week or ten days have seemed to them. Tattered in clothing, begrimed with dirt, emaciated in countenance, were all without exception; faces that had been beautiful were now chiselled with deep furrows; haggard despair seated itself where there had been a month before only smiles. Some were sinking into the settled vacancy of look which marked insanity. The old, babbling with confirmed imbecility, and the young raving in not a few cases with wild mania; while only the strongest retained the calmness demanded by the occasion. And yet, looking back upon the horrible straits to which the women were driven, the maintenance of modesty and delicate feeling by them to the last, is one of the greatest marvels of the heart-rending memories of those twenty-one days."

The hospitals of the wounded were burnt over their heads, some of the mangled victims perishing in the flames. Two hundred women and children, many of them the wives and daughters of officers, unused to the slightest privation, passed their days and nights in the trenches on the bare ground. The author of this volume saw a mother, whose husband had been shot dead by her side, lying on her back with both arms broken, and her two children, twins, laid one at each breast, "while her bosom refused not what her arms had no power to administer." On one side was a missionary, late the gentlest of men, now a raving maniac. On another Lieut. Wheeler stretched out with a ghastly wound, and while his sisters were bending over him, a round shot, which left him a headless trunk, covered them with his blood. In every direction were mangled corpses, men, women and children, with frightful wounds, and none to tend them, not even one drop of cold water to allay their thirst. A wounded horse, a stray dog, was so great a delicacy that wounds and death were eagerly risked to secure so rare a prize. The murderous volleys of the enemy and the roar of their guns, the piteous wailing of the children, groans, sobs and yells, never ceased. Sleep came to none, unless the momentary snatches of forgetfulness which utter exhaustion occasioned, to be immediately dispelled by a renewal of horrors, could be called sleep.

At last, the end came. The infamous Náná, through his still more infamous agent, 'Azim-ullah, a wretch whom, three years before, the ladies of the English aristocracy had welcomed to their saloons, induced the feeble and famishing garrison to yield up the inclosure and embark in boats, which could not be got off from shore, and were indeed intended merely as convenient shambles. It was then that the wonderful escape of the author of this volume, of Lieut. Delafosse, and two privates took place. They swam to a boat, which—the only one that could be got afloat—was drifting down the river. By a wonderful fortune, they escaped from her just at the moment when she was captured. At last, after being three days without food, and after having been the targets for thousands of bullets, utterly spent, and at the last gasp, they were saved by a faithful Oudh chief. Meantime, they had left worse horrors behind:—

"The scene which followed this manifestation of the infernal treachery of our assassins is one that beggars all description. Some of the boats presented a broadside to the guns, others were raked from stem to stern by the shot. Volumes of smoke from the thatch somewhat veiled the full extent of the horrors of that morning. All who could move were speedily expelled from the boats by the heat of the flames. Alas! the wounded were burnt to death; one mitigation only there was to their horrible fate—the flames were terrifically fierce, and their intense sufferings were not protracted. Wretched multitudes of women and children crouched behind the boats, or waded out into deeper water and stood up to their chins in the river to lessen the probability of being shot."

The survivors from this butchery in the boats were seized as they came out of the water. The men were separated from the women, fired on, and then hacked to pieces. One lady, Mrs. Boyes, wife of Dr. Boyes, of the 2nd Cavalry, who could not be torn from him, shared his fate. There remained then 210 women and children, who, after two more days of unspeakable torture, were finally slaughtered, stripped, and hurled naked into the well of Cawnpore. The closing paragraph of the description of their horrors must be added:—

"The spies, all of them, however, persisted in the statement, that no indignities were committed upon their virtue; and as far as the most pene-

trating investigation into their most horrible fate has proceeded, there is reason to hope that one, and only one, exception to the bitterest of anguish was allotted to them,—immunity from the brutal violence of their captors' worst passions. Fidelity requires that I should allege what appears to me the only reason of their being thus spared. When the siege had terminated, such was the loathsome condition into which, from long destitution and exposure, the fairest and youngest of our women had sunk, that not a sepoy would have polluted himself with their touch."

Such, then, was the fate of the Cawnpore victims. The authority of Capt. Thomson must be regarded as decisive. He was an eye-witness of almost all he relates, the almost sole surviving eye-witness,—and as afterwards the head of the Cawnpore police, he must have had every means of tracing the truth of what he relates on the authority of others.

Having given the general outline of the story, we now come to certain special pieces of information, obtainable from no other source than the volume before us. In the first place, it is only right to record the conduct of the 53rd Regiment, to which our author belonged. It was far the least guilty of the corps that mutinied at Cawnpore. Indeed, a large portion of it, including all the native officers, retained their fidelity unshaken. This is very remarkable, and we trust it will not be overlooked by the historian of the Revolt:—

"At length the much-dreaded explosion came. On the night of the 6th of June, the 2nd Cavalry broke out. They first set fire to the riding-master's bungalow, and then fled, carrying off with them horses, arms, colours, and the regimental treasure-chest. The old soubhadar-major of the regiment defended the colours and treasure which were in the quarter-guard as long as he could, and the poor old fellow was found in the morning severely wounded, and lying in his blood at his post. This was the only instance of any native belonging to that regiment who retained his fidelity. The old man remained with us, and was killed by a shell in the intrenchment. An hour or two after the flight of the cavalry, the 1st Native Infantry also bolted, leaving their officers untouched upon the parade-ground. The 56th Native Infantry followed the next morning. The 53rd remained, till, by some error of the General, they were fired into. I am at an utter loss to account for this proceeding. The men were peacefully occupied in their lines, cooking; no signs of mutiny had appeared amidst their ranks, they had refused all the solicitations of the deserters to accompany them, and seemed quite steadfast, when Ashe's battery opened upon them by Sir Hugh Wheeler's command, and they were literally driven from us by nine-pounders. The only signal that had preceded this step was the calling in to the intrenchments of the native officers of the regiment. The whole of them cast in their lot with us, besides a hundred and fifty privates, most of them belonging to the Grenadier company. The detachment of the 53rd posted at the treasury held their ground against the rebels about four hours. We could hear their musketry in the distance, but were not allowed to attempt their relief. The faithful little band that had joined our desperate fortunes was ordered to occupy the military hospital, about six hundred yards to the east of our position, and they held it for nine days, when, in consequence of its being set on fire, they were compelled to evacuate. They applied for admission to the intrenchments, but were told that we had not food sufficient to allow of an increase to our number. Major Hillersden gave them a few rupees each, together with a certificate of their fidelity. Had it been possible to have received these men, they would have constituted a powerful addition to our force, just as the few gallant remnants of the native regiments at Lucknow did throughout the second edition of the Cawnpore siege, as it was enacted in the Oude capital. It ought never to be forgotten, that although the influences of this mutiny spread with all the impetuosity of a torrent which sweeps

everything less stable than the mountains before it, there were amongst the sepoy regiments not a few who proved faithful to their salt, and who deserve surely as much gratitude as the revolvers have obtained execration. And amongst these honourable exceptions I, for one, shall always rank the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and a few privates, of the now extinct 53rd regiment of Native Infantry."

Some curious proofs are given of the credulity and ignorance of the Sipahis. Thus, after the siege, some men of the 56th, and also of the 53rd, visited Capt. Thomson, and talked unreservedly of their position. They had the fullest confidence of aid from Russia, the Náná having assured them that he had despatched troopers on camels to that country for assistance. They talked of the conquest of England by the Náná's troops as soon as he should have expelled the English from India, and expressed themselves very willing to embark on board ship to reduce that distant country under his sway. Many of them were sorry for the rebellion, but said the Devil had bewitched them, having the power of the *havi*, or "air." Of the particular fate of many individuals this book is the only trustworthy record. Instances of heroism were common, of cowardice there was but one, which is thus mentioned:—

"I deeply regret, however, to have to record the fact that there was one officer of high rank, and in the prime of life, who never showed himself outside the walls of the barrack, nor took even the slightest part in the military operations. This craven-hearted man, whose name I withhold out of consideration for the feelings of his surviving relatives, seemed not to possess a thought beyond that of preserving his own worthless life. Throughout three weeks of skulking, while women and children were daily dying around him, and the little band of combatants was being constantly thinned by wounds and death, not even the perils of his own wife could rouse this man to exertion; and when at length we had embarked at the close of the siege, while our little craft was stuck upon a sandbank, no expostulation could make him quit the shelter of her bulwarks, though we were adopting every possible expedient to lighten her burden. It was positively a relief to us when we found that his cowardice was unavailing; and a bullet through the boat's side that despatched him caused the only death that we regarded with complacency."

The author's personal share in the defence supplies not the least interesting portion of the book. He maintained during nearly the whole siege the Barrack No. 2, about 200 yards in front of the main position, and he and his party of 17 killed many times their own number of enemies. Finally, he fought himself free, and, having done good service in command of the police, and served in General Windham's force at the second siege of Cawnpore, closed a brilliant career of service at the action of Bhagnipur, where he was very severely wounded, and obliged to go home on sick leave. The narrative which he has now published will be indispensable to future writers on this part of Indian history, and can never fail to interest all who can be touched by the story of wondrous sufferings and unsurpassable heroism.

Ten Thousand Wonderful Things, comprising the Marvellous and Rare, Odd, Curious, Quaint, Eccentric, and Extraordinary, in all Ages and Nations, in Wit, Nature, and Science, including many Wonders of the World. Edited by E. F. King, M.A. (Ward & Lock.)

Things not Generally Known Familiarly Explained: a Book for Old and Young. Second Series. By John Timbs. (Kent & Co.)

THE value of a number of bricks depends very much upon their position with respect to each

other. In a heap by the side of an unoccupied plot of ground, thousands of them may be had for a trifling outlay; while, duly arranged into the form of a comfortable dwelling, with the decorator's work properly effected,—then, the very permission to live and breathe within the limits formed by them is only to be enjoyed at a sensible cost, known, more or less, to the most of us. The same may be said of a multitude of other productions. It is the difference between the raw material and the manufactured article. The gathering together of materials is only a means to an end; and the gatherers are not without their certain uses. Often, the more perfectly they conceal the component parts which go to the making of one valuable unity, the better for both vender and purchaser. Sal ammoniac is a valuable product, but Beauty would never hold it to her nose were Mr. King or the chemists to submit only the respective ingredients of that pungent remedy separately for sale.

In the first of the above-named books, however, it is only the heap, the raw material, the ingredients before mixing, that are confusedly and carelessly flung into the lap, at the head, or on the toes of the reader. Like Jenny Denison with her scalding soup, Mr. King empties a whole cauldron of it, scalding vegetables and all, upon the uncovered skulls of his public, with Jenny's own exclamation,—"Tak' it amang ye!"

There are materials enough in the volume to make a valuable and an amusing work. Mr. King cares nothing about that. He is a marine-store dealer, not an artist, and he delights in dirt, dust, and confusion, leaving his readers, if they list, to create order and beauty out of the mass. Everything seems to be here; but the searcher is sure not to find the precise article of which he stands most in need. He is like the traveller who, amid the vegetating luxury of the two Americas, might look for a wild heath; or who, amid the flowers of the southern continent, might strain his sight in the expectation of meeting with that balm for aching eyes—a pure wild rose.

It is astonishing that collectors should care to remain only collectors. Is it that they have not the genius to adorn, or the learning to illustrate? It has not always been so. The ancients set a good example in this way, and there are some moderns who have successfully followed a most happy example. What a farrago of materials, for instance, is there in Aulus Gellius. His collection is stupendous. The pages run over with it. In every line there is a piece of information, or a snatch of wit, or an incident detailed, or a suggestion made, or a conclusion laid down. But how comparatively useless it would have all been, had the old Roman grammarian contented himself, during his long winter nights at Athens, with only collecting, and not also with classifying, comparing, and applying. In the former case, the little Gellii and their sisters, for whom the mighty volume was composed, would but have slightly profited. On the contrary, he shaped his incongruous matter with a purpose in view, and, accordingly, readers for centuries to come will better understand the significance of antique monuments and the bearings of ancient history, social, political and literary, than if they had lacked the light by which the author of the 'Noctes' has made his nights as clear and warm as bright noon-tide.

Again, what a collector was the sophist Ælianus! The delight he experienced in collecting is to be judged of by the fact that, in order to pursue his object more seriously, he gave up the valuable practice and certain profits of "sophistry," for the less lucrative

profession of literature. He then had the leisure that he loved, to turn his collection to some purpose. Much of it is rough, raw, repulsive,—and sometimes extremely puerile. In spite of all this, no note being without some value,—illustrations of actual absurdity, yet socially historical, what a pleasant book, or rather, what pleasant books has he given us in his *Animaliana*, if we may coin a word for his treatises on animals; and what illustrations of old life and things in his *Omnium-Gatherum*, or "various histories"!

In our own country, perhaps, Burton has the best shown how a collector, annotator, and therewith a thinker and doer,—without which the former vocations are almost useless—may turn to charming account the masses of illustration he has formed by hard, steady, and original courses of reading. Had he published the contents of his note-book, it would have been only a note-book; it would have lasted its little, useless day, and would have then descended to its well-earned and lasting oblivion. His spirit, however, was of another quality; and grateful may mankind be that such was the case, for with the bricks he had collected—all made of precious materials—he constructed that magnificent edifice called 'The Anatomy of Melancholy,' which will make an English reading world glad for ever.

In every country, indeed, is to be found some industrious gatherer, who does not amass for the sake of the heap, but for the sake of scattering it, and making fructification a result of the process. We should be sorry to guess at what we should fail to correctly number, the amount of anecdotes, quotations, odds and ends of history, philosophy, materialism, fun, profundity, nonsense, and wisdom, that may be said to make bright the wondrous pages of Montaigne. But those pages are bright because he has thrown his own light upon them,—a light in which men, as long as learning lasts, will love to bask, to enjoy, and be strengthened. To sit down with Montaigne, with Burton, with Ælianus, with Aulus Gellius, is to sit down, if we may so speak, with their minds as well as their persons. You get something from them besides a mere anecdote or a marvel,—there is, generally, comment as well as text; and not only a story but a moral, declared or suggested. But even these authors must not be allowed to take place of original reading, or an independent study of nature, history, or whatever creditable pursuit is most attractive to the individual. On this account, Mr. Timbs's book, which has some advantages of classification over Mr. King's, is comparatively useless, for instruction, however it may now and then amuse mere idlers,—for whom, be it said, industrious men, like the compiler, should not labour. We will add nothing further than the remark that there is a phrase in Julius Scaliger very pertinent and happy with reference to the question and books before us, and we submit it for the use and profit of all collectors of unconnected trifles:—*Ex libris colligere que prodiderunt auctores, longe est periculosissimum. Rerum ipsarum cognitio vera e rebus ipsis est.*

Civilized America. By Thomas Colley Grattan. 2 vols. (Bradbury & Evans.)

A considerable period of time has elapsed since any work on America so carefully prepared as the one to be noticed has issued from the English press.—How far it will be found satisfactory on this or the other side of the Atlantic we do not profess to determine. No pains, it is evident, have been spared in producing it. The writer has done his best, as every writer should do when he sits down in the face of a

great subject, in the study of which he has had opportunities of experience.

We begin with "the voyage out" in the British Queen. Next, we arrive at Astor House, and the other *decaloga* of New York. Thirdly, and fourthly, come a glance at Boston,—and a sojourn at Nahant, where Mrs. Grattan saw the sea-serpent, as her worse half avouches. But we submit that the voucher may possibly be credulous; since, on a later page, we meet his indorsement of the professed feats of table-turning and spiritual jugglery in general.—Mr. Grattan was struck with the preaching of Dr. Follen; that remarkable Americanized German who perished in the Lexington, and whose biography is one of the most characteristic and touching American books in existence.—He is strong in reproof of the dawdling ways and the "slang" of the American ladies—as if in any society, let it be ever so high, ever so dry, more of slang can be heard from female lips than in the high, low, and thoroughly every-day worlds of London society.—Then we come to a public dinner at Boston, and to the part which Her Majesty's Consul for Massachusetts took therein:—also to sketches of manners, weather, police arrangements—neither quite old nor quite young.—Later is launched the old European diatribe against boarding-house life. This may be, for the moment, as inevitable an institution in "the States" as their "more peculiar one." How is Mrs. *Remarkable Hominy* to keep her house, if on the morning of her first dinner-party, *Celinda*, the cook, finds it agreeable to retire from her service, on the temptation of an extra dollar or two? Board Mrs. *Hominy* must, and shut up all notions of home hospitality. Such training, however, must be, and is, bad in every sense of the word for the children of the *Hominy* house.—Mr. Grattan is not pleased altogether with American society.—He describes the public men of America, commencing with Mr. Everett—narrates his first journey to Washington, and, on his way thither, offers a personal adventure, which is one of the most characteristic passages of the book, and which shall be, therefore, our one extract from it:—

"Accompanied by my wife and daughter, with their French maid (who soon turned out a dreadful incumbrance and torment), I left Boston on the 23rd of March, arrived at New York the next morning, and spent several days in that place very pleasantly. I made some valuable acquaintances there, and it being the period of the arrival of the news of Queen Victoria's marriage, I had an opportunity of witnessing a singular and peculiarly English celebration in honour of the event. This consisted, in the first place, of the attempted operation of roasting an ox whole; and, in the second, of the huge animal being served up and eaten (the repast being completed by due accompaniments of plum-pudding and port wine) by some hundreds of widows and children, all British subjects and inhabitants of the city. My warm-hearted and energetic colleague, Mr. Buchanan, had put his whole mind and strength into the management of this *fête*. * * * When I reached New York the day previous to the roasting, I found symptoms of considerable public hostility. Handbills were posted on the walls, couched in violent language against England, and calling on the people to destroy the preparations made on a grand scale in Niblo's gardens, a favourite place of public resort and entertainment. To counteract these attempts, Mr. Buchanan had opposition bills distributed, with a programme of the intended solemnities, a wood-cut representing a huge ox, hanging up in a temporary temple, and surrounded by the gas apparatus by which it was to be roasted entire, and winding up (to my serious dismay) with the announcement that 'the celebrated Author of 'Highways and Byways,' Her Majesty's Consul at Boston, would (among other orators) address the meeting.' It was quite too late for remonstrance; and, in the

agitated state of mind of my worthy colleague and countryman, reproach would have been cruelly. I never saw a more painful picture of anxiety. He was tortured by a dread of some collision with the hostile citizens, and not only that but of the failure of the *proceedé* by which a new-fangled gas company had undertaken to perform the job of cookery. * * * Mr. Buchanan reckoned, calculated, and guessed, with a truly (naturalised) Yankee imagination, relative to the probable proceeds of this novel exhibition, to which the public were invited, at the rate of half a dollar a head, to form a fund towards defraying the expenses of the *fête*. At his urgent request I accompanied him to the scene, two or three hours after the gas company had opened its fire on the suspended carcass. When we reached Niblo's gardens, but three individuals, instead of the expected hundreds of paying visitors, were to be seen. Not a dozen presented themselves altogether. My poor compatriot was crest-fallen. Nothing could be more desolate than the aspect of the place. The day was cold, the garden comfortless; and the ox swung slowly round, an ugly object, I thought, in his unpainted, wooden temple, successive ranges of gas-burners from the top to the floor warming, but being evidently insufficient for the task of roasting him. While I peeped shivering through the little glass windows of the temple at this operation, pitying and sympathising with the projector by my side, a sudden crash was heard, and at the same moment I was shocked at seeing the staple from which 'the entire animal' (as the *gentle* Yankees say) was suspended, give way from the top of the temple, while the huge ox fell heavily to the floor, and against one of the six sides. The wood-work, however, stood this rude assault. It did not give way and tumble into ruins as I expected. But having witnessed too much of the disappointment of my fellow-consul, I turned away, leaving him in the midst of a clamorous crowd of workmen who hurried to the spot, while I made my escape, and hastened to my hotel, the 'Globe,' at the other end of the Broadway. I heard nothing from Buchanan for the rest of the day; and at a *soirée* for which he had an engagement, the consular discomfiture formed the main joke of the entertainment. Everybody seemed pleased at what had happened. * * * Hearing nothing the next morning, I concluded that the hostile party had finally succeeded in bullying the consul, the committee, and the constables. I therefore dismissed the matter from my mind, occupied myself after breakfast until nearly one o'clock writing letters, and then sallied out with my wife on a shopping excursion. Before long we were accosted in Broadway by a gentleman unknown to me, smartly dressed, bearing a wand, and decorated with a bunch of white ribbons fastened in the lapel of his coat. He had just descended from a carriage on recognising me, and he told me he was one of the committee sent to look for me, and escort me and 'my ladies' to the feasting which was going merrily on, where places were reserved for us, and where I had been for some time anxiously expected. Completely taken by surprise, and unwilling to hurt the feelings of the worthy committee-man, I could only say, that not having received any tickets, I did not know we were expected, and I regretted that we had now other engagements. The gentleman left me, evidently much annoyed, and muttering denunciations against Her Majesty's Consul for New York, to whose blundering mismanagement he attributed the *contretemps*. As he rattled up Broadway in his 'hack,' my conscience smote me for having thus implicated Mr. Buchanan, whose pressing verbal invitation (often repeated on the previous day with many complimentary expressions) was worth a dozen formal summonses. Scarcely had I time for repentance, when I met Mr. Austin, the Attorney-General for Massachusetts, coming from Niblo's gardens, where he had been a spectator of the early part of the doings. He took it for granted I was going there, and recommended me to make haste, 'as the last orator on the list before me was speaking, and my turn came next!' This startling news made me take quite another turn. I called a coach, and was very

soon ensconced in my apartment in the Globe, enjoying my escape, and having no doubt that the feast, both of roast beef and of reason, was completely over. But very soon a short breathing waiter rushed up stairs and into my room, announcing the arrival of a 'deputation of the committee from Niblo's,' and he ushered in three gentlemen with all the well-known official insignia, who implored me in pressing terms to repair to the scene of action, describing the consul's despair as quite heart-rending, under the angry reproaches of the committee for his *gaucherie*, to which my absence was alone attributed. 'But,' said I, 'it must be now too late—surely all is over.'—'Not at all, Sir; Dr. Hogan is speaking against time, and he'll certainly not stop till you come.' This was irresistible. Compassion, in a double sense, for the doctor and his audience, as well as for my badgered friend Buchanan, left me no further wish for refusal. Besides, I was not a little pleased at the cordial expressions of the 'deputation,' and I thought my hesitating longer might look like conceit, instead of real disinclination to be compromised in a failure. We therefore were quickly in the carriage provided by the gentlemen; and following them we dashed along the *paré*, in a style that caused no small alarm, and no trifling amusement to the beholders of the gallop, and all who (safely) crossed our path. My wife and daughter were conducted to the reserved places in the gallery, and I was led into the lower portion of the great room, and to the middle of the floor, where stood the committee, wanded and decorated, round a plaster figure of Queen Victoria, placed on a broad, white elevation, balanced on a pedestal, to which an Irish gentleman (to whom I was subsequently introduced as Dr. Hogan, the President of the St. Patrick's Society) was apparently addressing a strain of most impassioned eloquence, that drew down thunders of applause. The scene around and above me was truly imposing. Having had no real notion of what was previously expected, and thoroughly convinced that the affair had after all been abortive, my astonishment was great at seeing this vast room, which can contain, I understand, 3,000 persons, completely full; several long tables, at which sat some hundreds of well-dressed women and children; the remains of the feast, flowers in profusion, and an enormous sugar-covered plum cake, forming, in fact, the upper stratum of the Victoria pedestal. The remainder of the arena and the galleries were filled with fashionably-dressed people, the ladies being brilliantly conspicuous. I was very handsomely received by the committee. But poor Buchanan, though evidently delighted at my coming, held down his head—or shook it—with shame, and was clearly puzzled as to whether he should laugh or cry. But he recovered himself sufficiently to halloo out, in his own peculiar length and breadth of brogue, as soon as Dr. Hogan ceased speaking, that 'Mr. Grattan, Her Majesty's Consul, was going to give them a speech.' Thus at once in *medias res*, without a chance of retreat, and warmed by the encouraging applauses which followed this announcement, I threw off as well as I could a few random sentences, which seemed to tell."

The "random sentences" made on our Queen's marriage-day, we submit, hardly deserve mention in a book so solid as this professes to be.

Next we get to Baltimore, and encounter such names and figures as those of Clay and Calhoun—subsequently, an analysis, in chapter eleven, of "the Upper Ten Thousand" (with a word concerning Mr. President Buchanan)—talk about political *ultras*—and a whole chapter on "the noticeable man," whom Sydney Smith likened to "a steam-engine in trousers," Daniel Webster, — but who turned out (as every machine thus conventionally muffed must) a failure.—To succeed these, we find a chapter on "servants"—that never-ending, still-beginning cause of anxiety at home or abroad. On all such chapters we fancy a laconic review might be passed at once and for ever—"Of what sort are the masters?"

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THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

On Saturday last, in accordance with ancient custom, the Admiralty barge, manned by her gay and quaintly-dressed crew, lay at noon off Whitehall Stairs to receive the Visitors of Her Majesty's Royal Observatory. We are old enough to remember that a trip in this barge to Greenwich, reclining on luxurious cushions beneath an awning, was positive enjoyment; but now, in consequence of the foul state of the Thames, which, just as the summer ripens into glorious prime, realizes Pope's description of the Fleet—

—than whom no sluice of mud

With deeper sable blots the silver flood,—
 an excursion down the river is not only no longer enjoyable, but almost unendurable.

Official routine, however, ignoring the altered condition of Father Thames, persistently informs the "Visitors" that the Admiralty barge will convey them in aquatic state to Greenwich; but the "Visitors," wiser in their generation than the red-tapists, prefer for the most part journeying to the Observatory by land.

Joining a carriage party, we arrived at the Observatory at three o'clock,—and shortly after the Astronomer Royal, accompanied by the President of the Royal Society—who, by virtue of his office, is Chairman of the Board of Visitors—and a numerous assemblage of eminent scientific men, explained the various alterations, additions to the instruments, and present condition of this great national establishment.

By far the most important event—according to the Astronomer Royal's official report to the Visitors—during the past year has been the erection of the new South-east Equatorial, which, although not yet in a complete working state, is sufficiently finished to show that it will be, in all probability, the finest telescope of its nature in the world. The want of a powerful equatorial has long been felt at the Observatory, and Mr. Airy has naturally been solicitous to supply this deficiency. The experience that the Astronomer Royal has had in the erection of the large equatorials at Liverpool and at Cambridge has led him to adopt the old English, or Shuckburgh, form of construction, in preference to the long polar axis with telescope on one side, or the German form. He has been the more particular with respect to the mounting of the instrument, as he has never lost sight of the consideration, that in observatories like that at Greenwich an equatorial cannot be considered as a mere commodious support for a gazing telescope, but must be regarded as a firm, graduated instrument, with which right ascensions and polar distances can be determined with considerable accuracy. Remark, then, the diameters of the graduated circles, but still more the diameters of the racked circles and the clamp circles, on which the steadiness of clock movement or the firmness of clamps must depend,—remarking also the engineering objections, as regards weakness and friction, to the support of an instrument which projects beyond its two bearings,—Mr. Airy prefers the English form, which he has adopted with no novelty of principle, except that the declination axis is so advanced in front of the centre of the polar axis, and the upper part of the polar frame is

so cut away, that the telescope commands the meridian without interruption to, and a little way beyond, the pole. Each cheek of the polar axis is a skeleton prism; and this form is braced against torsion if each of its sides is braced. The bracing is effected by a series of diagonal tension bars, and transversal thrusting bars (each being drawn or thrust by its appropriate screw motion), the long pillars and the bars being of wrought-iron. The upper and lower ovals which carry these are of cast-iron. On the spindle of the lower oval turns freely the hour-wheel, 6 feet in diameter, on which the clock-movement acts. Microscopes are employed to observe the graduations of the circles. The communication of time is made by a small clock with a 10-inch pendulum beating seconds, near the fixed microscope of the hour-circle, and by a galvanic chronometer carried by the eye-end of the telescope; but these clocks do not give independent times: the wire of a galvanic battery, whose circuit is completed at 59° of every minute of the transit-clock, is carried through a coil into which swings a bar-magnet carried by the 10-inch pendulum, and is also carried through the coils of the galvanic chronometer, and thus the 10-inch clock is regulated and the chronometer is moved, in exact accordance with the transit-clock. The seconds-wheel of the chronometer has only 59 teeth, and the seconds-dial has only 59 divisions, one of which counts for the two successive seconds (28 and 29); this is necessary in consequence of the loss of one current per minute in the transit-clock, as before remarked. In the 10-inch clock there is no such anomaly.

Another pair of galvanic wires is brought by insulated rings and springs to a touch-piece at the eye-end of the telescope; these wires are connected with the pricker of the chronographic barrel, so that times may be registered on the same sheets as the times of observations with the transit circle and the altazimuth.

The clock movement of the hour-circle is effected by extremely beautiful mechanism. By water falling 25 feet through a tube, a reaction machine (Barker's Mill) is made to revolve four times in a second. This, acting through two worms, drives the hour-circle. For its regulation it gives motion to an axis revolving in 2', which acts upon a conical pendulum (carried by two pairs of springs that do the duty of a universal joint), by the remarkable contrivance called Sieman's Chronometric Governor, of which the effect is that, if there is a tendency to acceleration, the throttle-valve of the water-pipe is immediately contracted. It is necessary that the pendulum suffer a retarding force, which ought to be strictly tangential; to effect this Mr. Airy has so connected a small spade with the rotatory apparatus, that the pendulum by enlarging its cone dips the spade into a trough of water. The motion of this apparatus is extremely smooth and uniform.

The object-glass has been furnished by Messrs. Merz & Son, of Munich, and is found to give very perfect definition. In consequence of the focal length being considerably less than was apprehended, the whole apparatus is therefore somewhat larger than is absolutely necessary. It might, with some inconvenience, be made to carry a telescope of above 20 feet focal length; and if the regions near the pole were given up, it might carry one still larger. The instrument is, however, regarded by the Astronomer Royal, as a splendid piece of mechanism, and reflects the highest credit on Messrs. Ransomes & Sims, of Ipswich, who executed the engineer's work, and on Mr. Simms, of Fleet Street, who executed the graduations and the optical parts generally. The pendulum of the clock-movement, and the 10-inch clock, were furnished and mounted by Mr. Dent, and the galvanic chronometer was made by Mr. Shepherd.

The Astronomical instruments and the Galvanic apparatus are stated to be in good working order. With respect to the Magnetical instruments, the vertical-force magnet, which rocks on knife-edges, has not performed satisfactorily during the late winter. The daily magnetic curve has been gradually assuming a form approaching much more nearly to a straight line than it had usually given, and, in particular, wanting altogether the remark-

able sharp bends at certain hours of the day, which we know to be characteristic of the vertical force. The knife-edges have now been re-ground and polished, and the agate planes, which on examination were found to be far from correct, re-adjusted, and when the instrument was re-mounted, the magnet again presented curves of the well-known form. Mr. Airy states that there is no difficulty in fixing precisely on the time when the indications began to be faulty.

The Dipping-needles still occasion him much perplexity. The Observatory possesses several needles apparently well made, used with great care, each one giving results as consistent among themselves as the deductions of other observers which have reached Mr. Airy; and yet the means of the different needles are discordant by more than a quarter of a degree. Prof. Hansteen, the best authority of Continental Europe, strongly objects to a reduction of the dimensions of the needle, like that which has been lately introduced in England; Mr. Airy, however, proposes, whether the dimensions be large or small, to alter the arrangement in the following way. There is no reason, he thinks, for confining the mounting of a stationary needle to the same dimensions as are proper for that of a travelling needle. He proposes, therefore, to have a proper rotatory frame with long axis, in a pedestal, and long microscopes for reading, and a revolving gas-light. This arrangement is expected to deliver the observations from some causes of uncertainty which now attach to them.

The Meteorological instruments are in good working order. In the radiation thermometer a decided improvement has been made by inclosing its bulb in an exhausted glass globe.

The mean westerly magnetic declination for 1858 is about 21° 29' 30", having gradually diminished about 5' in the year. The mean dip with large needles is 68° 26' 3", and with small needles 68° 20' 7"; the change from 1857 (as inferred from observation with the same needle) is insignificant. The vane of Oaler's Anemometer has turned 35 times in the year, in the direction N.E., S.W., N.

The maintenance of regular meridional observations is considered, as heretofore, the most important duty of the Observatory. The large Clock-Star Catalogue of 193 stars is thoroughly observed (if possible) every year. There are likewise stars which have been observed with the moon or in occultations, or stars which have some peculiar claims for observation. Of moveable bodies, the moon never passes unobserved, if visible; the sun and all the planets are observed when they pass before 15°, except on Sundays; and when the moon passes after 15°, any large planets passing after 15° are observed. For transits the chronographic method is used, except for close circumpolar stars. The number of meridional observations, from the 22nd of May, 1858, to the 16th of May, 1859, inclusive, is as follows:—Transits (two limbs, or two different systems of wires, being counted as two), 5,215; pairs of observations of the collimators by the transit-circle, 305; observations of transit-wires by reflection, 350; observations of collimator by collimator, 52; circle observations of all kinds, 5,141; observations of wire by reflection (included in the tale of circle observations), 324. No alteration is made in the system of adjustments.

The determination of co-latitude is rather perplexing. A gradual change seems to be going on from year to year, the greatest co-latitude being that of 1854; but the fraction of a second is so small a quantity that it may even depend upon a change in the observer's habit as to the mode of applying his eye to the eye-piece, &c.; and thus the Astronomer Royal is unwilling yet to assert that a real change of latitude is certain. The important labour of comparing chronometers has gone on as usual during the past year. The new chronometer-oven has been in perpetual use,—and numerous faults of adjustment, which had escaped the notice of chronometer-makers, have been detected in chronometers. The Post-Office clocks are duly regulated; and the time-ball at Deal is dropped by direct current, as formerly.

The Astronomer Royal, impressed with the importance of enabling ships departing from England on long voyages to have the true time at the latest

moment, has contrived galvanic signals, which he has proposed to the Lords of the Admiralty should be exhibited every hour at the Start Point. A model of the apparatus was exhibited and explained by Mr. Airy. The scheme is under the consideration of the Admiralty.

In the last autumn a grant from Government enabled a new work to be commenced at the Observatory. This is a comparison of 'Hansen's Tables' with the Greenwich observations of late years, both meridional and extra-meridional. The same observations had, in the daily routine of the Observatory, been compared with the 'Nautical Almanack' or 'Burckhardt's Tables.' The result, says Mr. Airy, for one year (1852), which alone has reached him, is most remarkable, and he states that 'Hansen's Tables' must be regarded as nearly perfect. So great a step, he adds, to the best of his knowledge has never been made in numerical physical theory.

Under the head of General Remarks, Mr. Airy states that, with the inauguration of the New Equatorial, will terminate the entire change from the old state of the Observatory. There is not now a single person employed, or instrument used in the Observatory which was there in Mr. Pond's time, nor a single room in the Observatory which is used as it was used then. In every step of change, however, except this last, the ancient and traditional responsibilities of the Observatory have been most carefully considered; and in the last, the substitution of a new instrument was so absolutely necessary, and the importance of tolerating no instrument except of a high class was so obvious, that no other course was open.

The new and splendid Equatorial, while it will doubtless not be permitted to remain unused, will not, we know, while the Royal Observatory is under the direction of Mr. Airy, be allowed to interfere with the standard and staple work of this great and important national establishment, which those who had the privilege and gratification of seeing on Saturday last, admitted was never in a more efficient state than it is at the present time.

LORD NORMANBY'S ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

We are requested to give publicity to the following animadversions addressed by M. Étienne Arago to the Marquis of Normanby:—

"May 19.

"My Lord,—I crave your pardon for having read as late as yesterday, the 18th of May, your political pamphlet, entitled 'A Year of Revolution in Paris.' The copy before me is one of the first edition, and a second edition is said to have been published.—Well, money makes many things easy enough; but even money does not justify you in reprinting a series of calumnies against a government which proved a faithful ally of England, and to which you were accredited; against statesmen in whose circle you have been so assiduously moving; against public functionaries who remember how courteously your Lordship used to be to them in former times.

"To search the graves of men who died poor and respected—to throw mud on their ashes—wantonly to slander victims of political dissensions on the very shores that shelter them, and by libellous title-tattle to embitter the bitter life of exile,—all this, my Lord, is rather ungenerous; and that it is so you may have learnt, first from my friend Louis Blanc, who has confuted you in two languages; then from all political and literary journalists both in your country and my own; for it has been your good fortune, my Lord, to elicit from the world, on this occasion, a unanimous expression of feeling. Mine is a less important and quite personal task. I have only to express my astonishment at the manner, unworthy of you, my Lord, and of myself, in which you have been pleased to state a fact that concerns me.

"Your Lordship speaks of the invasion of the Tuilleries on the 24th of February, in the following polite and refined style:—'*These* having rushed in, the *work of destruction* immediately began, diversified only by that *low humour*, so often, here, the accompaniment of *wanton mischief*. The example of this variety of insult was first set by M. Étienne

Arago, brother of the great Arago, who wrote his name in the King's visiting book, which he found in the entrance-hall, and invited all who followed him, who *could* write (which were not many), to do the same.'

"The fact, my Lord, I acknowledge, with due explanation and various readings. It is true that, having entered the Tuilleries at the head of '*these*,' who were artists, workmen, journalists, students, merchants' clerks, national guards (most of them *could* write), I, at my personal risk, wrote my name in one of the two or three visiting-books in the entrance-hall, and true it is that I invited such as followed me to do the same.

"Your Lordship, in reference to this, speaks of *insult*, of *low humour*, of *work of destruction*. These are very big words about a trifling ludicrous incident introduced into a moving drama, and your indignation is so grand and solemn, that it seems really as if you had it at command. To be plain with you, my Lord, I take you to be over-classic, being a countryman of Shakespeare's. How now! You do not think it to be an excellent process, in the realities of history, to blend what is comical with what is serious, what elicits laughter with what brings tears? Has to such an extent your national taste been perverted by your residence in France as an ambassador?

"At all events, you seem not to be acquainted with all our French sayings,—this one, for example, drawn from a celebrated comedy: '*J'ai ri, me voilà désarmé.*'

"As for me, I know by heart the *Métromanie*, and I know the French character, too. Finding myself amongst men who had been, for hours, shot at before the Palais-Royal, some of whom were wounded, whilst others had to mourn for the loss of a friend, of a brother, of a son, I called to mind our generous saying. I saw how much the crowd were excited; I could, so to speak, feel their pulses; and, as I was not yet aware of the escape of the Royal Family, I feared reprisals. So I thought of soothing their angry minds. Hence the *insult* I offered to the aristocratic visiting-book—hence the *wanton mischief* adorned with my flourish,—hence that *low humour* I displayed, so much in keeping with the temper of the wretches, whose *work of destruction* was brought to bear on . . . a few sheets of striped paper!

"On one occasion, during the Revolution—I mean the great French Revolution—the cry was raised behind l'abbé Maury: '*à la lanterne!*'—'Well,' replied the priest coolly, 'will my being hanged on a lamp-post make you see better? Whereupon the anger of the crowd immediately vanished. They had laughed, and, as a consequence, they were disarmed. I, too, thought of changing anger into merriment. Having spied out that modest visiting-book which your pamphlet is sure to make known to fame, I exclaimed: 'Citizens, it is the first time we get admittance into the palace; let us, above all, show good-breeding by writing our names at the door-keeper's.' I took care not to use the word *Suisse*: the date was not that of the 10th of August.

"Now, my Lord, as your Lordship has obviously been supplied with a very scanty sketch of the invasion of the royal abode, allow me to complete it by a stroke of the pencil, so that you may see that those barbarians, those sacrilegious hordes, those Parisian Attilas, knew very well how to take a joke, and also how to retort it . . . in the French fashion.

"I had some apprehension of the possible results of the popular irruption, and felt most anxious to prevent, as much as in my power lay, anything being spoilt—which, by-the-by, was quite consistent with my passion for pictures and objects of Art. Accordingly, I got up on an arm-chair, and addressing the crowd: 'Citizens,' said I, 'all this belongs not to the King, but to the nation. Let national property remain untouched!' A workman, looking at me with a smile, and pointing to the arm-chair on which I stood, exclaimed, 'Well said! but, then, you must begin by sparing the handsome damask of this piece of furniture.'—'Quite right!' I replied to the honest upholsterer, as I fancied him to be; I got off the arm-chair, turned the cushion up-side down, and, standing on the

cloth not so likely to be injured, I resumed my exhortation . . . with what success you have yourself acknowledged, by stating that a professed thief, having disregarded the order, was given over to summary justice.

"These are the *variety of insults* of which I set the example. So, when you insultingly contrast my conduct with that of the brother whom I have lost whilst in exile, and who did not cease for a moment to show me fraternal affection, I can, in vindication of myself, put on record these two circumstances of my revolutionary career, which that very brother used to relate with delight and pride.

"If I, more than once, deemed it necessary to take part in street-fighting, my heart, even when I had a gun in my hand, was never closed against mercy. The Duke of Orléans, whose hand-whip so touchingly figures in your book, experienced, at Montrouge, on the 30th of July 1830, that mine are not cruel propensities, and that I am the man to protect and to save my adversaries (see Louis Blanc's '*History of Ten Years*'). Further, I might set forth letters from the captain and the lieutenant of a company of municipal guards, stating that, on the 23rd of February 1848, in the Rue Bourg l'Abbé, I rescued them from death at the peril of my own life.

"But let me return to the Tuilleries, where I have a chance of meeting you, my Lord, with less danger. I was still on the ground-floor, when I was apprised of the departure of Louis-Philippe's family. It occurred to me that I had something better to do than to loiter through the apartments, and I repaired to the office of the *Réforme* newspaper, where we selected the most liberal members of the Provisional Government.

"There I was appointed by popular acclamation Postmaster-General. Now, my Lord, I wonder how it is possible that you, an Englishman, should have forgotten what the new head of that administration did. My first concern was the *Indian mail*. By a happy thought, I directed my attention to it in Paris, a few hours after it had left London, and, owing to the orders I gave, the mail, duly escorted, went from the landing-place in France to its destination, through the barricades and many a population stirred up to revolt.

"If the Ambassador of England does not remember such a fact, I do remember that, after June, 1849, when in London, where I was then living as a refugee, I received the visit of two English traders, anxious to offer their services to the French exile who had protected their fortunes sent to the Indies on the 24th of February, 1848. I must add, that the two traders I speak of had been made acquainted with my conduct by letters from high personages. These letters were published in the *Moniteur*. Allow me to recall them to your memory, which, on this occasion, has played you false:—

"A Monsieur Étienne Arago, Directeur-général des Postes.

"Paris, ce 6 Mars 1848.

"Monsieur,—J'ai l'honneur de vous transmettre la copie d'une dépêche que j'ai reçue du Vicomte Palmerston qui m'ordonne de vous exprimer la reconnaissance du Gouvernement de S. M. pour les ordres que vous avez bien voulu donner relativement à l'expédition de la dernière malle des Indes. Je profite de cette circonstance pour vous renouveler les assurances de ma haute considération.

"NORMANBY.

"Foreign-office, 4 Mars 1848.

"Milord,—En conséquence de la dépêche de Votre Seigneurie, No. 121, du 3 de ce mois, j'invite Votre Excellence à exprimer à M. Étienne Arago la reconnaissance du Gouvernement de S. M. pour les ordres qu'il a bien voulu donner relativement à la prompte transmission, par la France, des malles de l'Inde.

"PALMERSTON.

—These two letters, more especially the former, which shows that you had informed your Government of the service rendered to your countrymen, earned for me the following marks of official approbation:—

"Paris, le 8 Mars 1848.

"Monsieur le Directeur-général,—J'ai reçu les copies des lettres des Lords Palmerston et Normanby que vous m'avez adressées, et je vous félicite vivement de la haute appréciation dont a été l'objet le service que vous dirigez si bien. L'impulsion que vous avez donnée à votre administration en si peu de jours est justement appréciée de tous à l'intérieur; l'approbation de l'étranger ne pouvait manquer de confirmer la justice qui vous est rendue de toutes parts. J'ai envoyé aux journaux, pour y être insérée, votre intéressante communication. Recevez, Mon-

pour le Directeur-général, l'assurance de ma considération
Pour le Ministre LAMARTINE :
"Le Secrétaire-général, JULES BASTIDE."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, May 30.

DISTANT as we are here from the immediate scene of the War, and unvisited as yet, I thank God! by any of its more terrible accessories, the last two days in Florence have been brimful of excitement. On these days the whole city has been keeping high festival, though with very dissimilar manifestations. Never was the well-known saying, that "*les jours se suivent et ne se ressemblent pas*," better exemplified than on this occasion. On Saturday, the 28th, a solemn service for the dead was celebrated at Santa Croce, in memory of the brave Tuscans who fell in 1848 at the disastrous fight of Curtatone, where a little band, of some five or six thousand volunteers, kept an overwhelming Austrian force at bay for many hours, and arrested from grim old Radetzky the half-approving, half-indignant confession, "These boys will make me lose a whole day." Two bronze tablets, bearing the names of the slain, were erected a few months after the event, by the municipality, on either side of the high altar of Santa Croce, and a service was celebrated for their repose both in 1849 and 1850 on the anniversary of the battle. In 1851, when Austrian troops were draining the resources of Tuscany, and Austrian Generals pronouncing sentence of death and exile on her citizens from their head-quarters at Verona, occurred the well-known and most shameful outrage in that venerable church where lie the most glorious of the Tuscan dead. The citizens, forbidden to have mass sung or commemoration made for their departed, brought garlands on the anniversary of the battle to hang upon the votive tablets sacred with the names of friends, sons, or brothers. They were pushed back by disguised *gendarmes*, and on resisting were instantly assailed by more of the same corps, who issued from their concealment in the sacristy and fired on the crowd in the body of the church, which presented a scene of dismay and horror that has burned itself in for all time on the hearts of the Tuscan people.

That very night the tablets were pulled down by order of the Government, and concealed at the Fortezza da Basso. Duplicates of these *contraband* memorials were erected by permission of the Sardinian Government on the monument consecrated to their own slain at Turin, and one of the first acts of our provisional Government, after the events of last month, was to restore the tablets to their original place in Santa Croce.

A witty English weekly journal, which amuses the simple credence of its readers at the expense of a brave and long suffering people trying hard to shake off an unendurable yoke, may be assured that our provisional Government, in its first days of power, had something better and more serious to do than to puzzle over the vexed question, whether their courtesy should give up to the Grand-Duchess, as "to a woman in distress," the entirety of her wardrobe, or whether their republican sternness should refuse to deliver it at her entreaty. Neither did they at last, after profound consideration, cut the knot of the difficulty by "relinquishing her linen, and retaining her silk dresses." Surely it is a lamentable waste of wholesome laughter to spend it on Malice gone a-masking in such a flimsy garb as this; and even here, where the taunt should have cut deepest, among the men who worked hard and honestly at our bloodless and unpaid revolution,—worked with heart and soul to keep it unpaid and bloodless,—even among them, the good joke of a Government hungering after the possession of silk dresses seems to excite nothing beyond a shrug of the supremest contempt, so well it is known to all classes that not only did the provisional Government not pilfer a single *chiffon* from the Duchess's wardrobe, but that every article of the very costly jewels belonging to the Grand-Ducal family was scrupulously and immediately sent after them, having been left behind, one can only suppose, by way of temptation, as for many weeks previously large cases of precious belongings had been continually sent out of Tuscany by its then rulers. These very jewels may very probably by this time have

been pawned in an outburst of generous family affection to feed the soldiers of bankrupt Austria, like her own crown jewels.

The solemn ceremony for the slain at Curtatone was performed on the 28th of this month instead of the 29th, which is the real anniversary, because the latter fell on a Sunday, and, being a Festa, mass for the dead cannot be solemnized on it. From 5 o'clock on Saturday morning, a dense crowd filled the Piazza Santa Croce, although the church was not to open until 9 o'clock. Over each of the three western doors an inscription was erected, framed in a deep black border. That in the centre announced the anniversary of the struggle for Italian independence. The other two were well fitted to send a thrill of enthusiasm through the hearts of their eager readers. That on the right ran thus:—

Entrate oggi sicuri
Dagli empi comandi micidiali
A onorare l'estinta vanguardia
Di Liberazione della Patria.

In English thus, though sorely tamed by translation:—"Enter safe, on this day at least, from impious and murderous orders, to do honour to the slain vanguard of our country's freedom." Over the left-hand door was written:—

Portate non lagrime e lutto,
Ma corone d'alloro,
Dinanzi ai prodighi della vita
Contro l'Austriaco tiranno.

Anglicè,—"Bring not hither tears and lamentations, but crowns of laurel to those who laid down life fighting against the Austrian tyrant."

Half-way down the grand old nave of the church, full in front of the high altar, with proud monuments on every hand of the mighty ones of old Florence—who that has once stood there can ever forget the spot?—was raised a huge military *catafalco*, rearing itself up towards the bare rafters of the Gothic roof. It was built up of trophies of arms, bas-reliefs, masses of laurels and flowers white and red, mixed with thousands of wax-tapers and black and silver hangings, and crowned with a richly-decorated sarcophagus. In front of the lofty pile, towards the western doors, stood, telling a tale of strange pathos, to come from such brazen mouths, two of the poor little baby cannon which, on the battle-day, dared to front the thundering Austrian batteries with their puny protest of right against might. On either side, against the pillars of the nave, were numerous inscriptions, framed in wreaths of laurel and flowers, some of them of stirring effect on the crowds beneath, such as this:—"The prayers which, for ten years, ye have offered to the Holy of Holies for your Italian brethren are already accepted, and they shall be fulfilled." Over all hung, from the roof, a huge black velvet banner, with the words, perhaps most eloquent of all,—"To-day we celebrate the morrow of 1848!" Behind the *catafalco* facing the high altar, stood a colossal statue of Italy, by Cambi, very admirable for its expressive power, and the earnest entreaty of the outstretched arms, imploringly lifting crowns of cypress and laurel up towards the Eternal Throne, and saying, in the words of an inscription too long for me to quote entire, "Great God! who createdst me Queen of the Nations, who willedst in thy justice that I, for my transgressions, should lie enslaved and trampled on, Great God of Mercy! who now at length grantest me abundant measure of pity for my long sufferings, deign to accept the hallowed memories of these the martyrs for their country!" And, as if in answer from above to the prayer of Italy that the war now waged may "restore me to my own self again, link me in sisterhood with the nations, and lay the foundation-stone of holy universal Peace"—so fervently expressed by the upward-gazing figure with her crown of towers and her noble, trustful, beseeching face, the great black banner above her head bore the words, "At last thou hast understood my ways. Thy hope was in me only. With much love hast thou covered thy sins; thy faith hath saved thee." The idea is a grand one, and it has been worthily worked out. One transept was entirely occupied by an immense music gallery, filled with every professor, vocal and instrumental, of whom Florence can boast. A Grand Mass and Requiem, composed for the occasion by Signor Mabellini, was performed at ten o'clock.

The Prior of the convent celebrated mass with all due pomp and circumstance, though with what inward recalculations and backward readings of the words of blessing, those may guess who know how sedulously the Florentine monastic bodies are said to pray daily for success to the Austrian arms. The whole of the ministry, the Gonfaloniere and municipal officers, were of course present. A few benches were reserved for the specially invited, and places set aside for all the wearers of the medal of 1848. All the rest of the immense church was thronged, packed with thousands of every class, most of them bringing garlands, knots, and crowns of flowers to shower round the base of the *catafalco*, and beside the bronze tablets, wreathed in their beautiful framework of fresh flowers. And the cost of this noble ceremony?—the hard cash remuneration of all the art, labour, invention, lavished lovingly ("not grudgingly nor of necessity") on every part of the pageant,—whence came it? Who pays the assuredly heavy bills for all this array of statues and velvet hangings, new requiems, inscriptions, wax torches, &c.,—not to speak of flowers, for they may be had for the asking? Was Piedmont, perhaps, the paymaster?—Gallant, struggling, bleeding Piedmont, which has just been represented in some of the monstrous fictions of an influential English journal as having first bought (poor dupe!) the Tuscan troops over at so much a head, and afterwards been forced, of her poverty, to contribute the funds needful to maintain them living here at home at ease, merely playing at soldiers, and preventing the tide of volunteers from flowing northwards to the help of the Allies.—Was it deluded Piedmont that paid for our pleasure, yet once again? No. To the honour of Florence and Florentines be it spoken, the commemoration of Saturday last has cost not one *crania* to any individual of any rank of society. From the first maestro who composed the music and led the orchestra, to the poorest artisan who nailed the planks and piled the cannon-balls and muskets, not one would condescend to accept the hire of his services nor the payment of his goods for so sacred a work. The whole pageant was a spontaneous heart-offering of every class of the people, and as such it was invested with a higher beauty and a truer worthiness even than that which clothed it bodily.

When I took up my pen, I had purposed giving you a slight pencilling of our second day's solemnity, the blessing of the Tuscan banners, and the unwonted aspect now displayed by our beautiful Cascine; but the length to which this letter has run forbids my trespassing further upon your space, and I must leave my sketch of the second day's doings for another letter. TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

By permission of the Lord Mayor, the members of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society will hold a meeting, on Tuesday next, at Guildhall.

Four fresh pictures have been added to the National Portrait Gallery:—Abraham Cowley, John Selden, Lord Howe, and the Duke of Ormond.

A new literary fund is in progress of creation—the Royal Society taking the initiative—with the special character of a fund for the assistance of gentlemen eminent in the lore and service of Science. Such a society should be needless, and would be so were the association in Bloomsbury Square conducted in harmony with the desires of its founder. The neglect of the Literary Fund justifies the action of the Royal Society. Ten thousand pounds are to be raised. About a hundred gentlemen have subscribed their names,—about a fifth of these for 100*l.* each. We shall rejoice in the success of this attempt to create such a provision, though we may regret the mismanagement which renders a separate provision necessary. So long as the Bloomsbury Square body wilfully sinks itself to the workhouse level, and resolutely rejects every proposal for raising its character and attaching it in spirit and in fact to literature, we must expect to see other institutions arise to do its work.

David Cox, the high priest of rustic nature, has gone from among living men,—leaving, in its way, a void like that caused by the death of Turner.

There was only one David Cox. He was born in 1783, and died on Tuesday last, in a green and happy old age, at his little Warwickshire cottage, Harborne Heath, by the great hammering town of Birmingham, yet close enough for a ramble to the leafy woods he loved so well. Stony Wales and castled Yorkshire, however, not leafy Warwickshire, had been the scenery of his studies and his triumphs. The wet moorland, the hanging wood, the dark quarry, the rattling rivulet, the stormy sky, the rain-laden and wind-blown cloud—these were the aspects of nature on which his eye dwelt with peculiar love. His brush was easy and his power of hinting detail marvellous. No man who ever lived could say so much with means so slight. This faculty arose from its perfect mastery of his observation. Nothing in nature seemed to escape his eye, and what he saw perfectly he could depict perfectly. Cox has left behind him innumerable proofs of this art of seeing well; of that patience of observation which grows at last into genius. His wonderful eye for the intricacies and tones of shrub, cloud and rain, gives to his drawings the deceptive touch of life. Happy the man who has many of these in his portfolio!

Charles Ollier, a poet and a friend of poets, is another name to be added to the obituary of the week. Mr. Ollier was born in 1788, and was consequently in his seventy-first year. His first connexion with letters was chiefly that of a publisher; and his name will be found on the title-page of some of Keats's and Shelley's early works.

Brilliant weather, company and flowers, made up a day of special enjoyment at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday. The Gardeners dined together in the evening, under the presidency of Mr. Justice Haliburton.

Next Wednesday the second of the English flower-shows will be held at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park.

"The man who would call everything by its right name," says Shaftesbury, "would be stoned in the streets." How of the man who chooses to call things—himself included—by a *wrong* name? Take the case of the gentleman writing under the mask of George Eliot, writing 'Adam Bede' and 'Sketches of Clerical Life.' If a man pleases to sign himself George Eliot instead of (say) John Jones, does any one from that fancy or reserve of his acquire a right to assume the credit of his work—to trade on this assumption—to misrepresent his publishers—and raise money on his assumed distress? All this, it is said, has been done by a certain, or uncertain, Mr. Liggins. Mr. Liggins, we are told, claims to be the author of 'Adam Bede,'—claims to have been ill-treated by Messrs. Blackwood,—claims to be in great distress,—and claims also public charity on the ground of having written a successful tale. Hereupon Messrs. Blackwood, under their proper personalities, and the shadowy George Eliot, write to the *Times*, protesting that Mr. Liggins's claim to renown and halfpence is a mere imposture. Thus:—

"37, Paternoster Row, June 4.

"Sir,—If you receive any more letters about the authorship of 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and 'Adam Bede,' will you be so kind as to publish this note? Those works are not written by Mr. Liggins, or by any one with a name like Liggins, and if any person is receiving charitable contributions on the ground of being the author of the said works, he is doing so under false pretences. The author is known to us, and subjoined is a copy of a note we have received from him since the appearance of the letter of your correspondent 'S. G. O.'—We have the honour to be, your most obedient servants,

WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS."

"June 4.

"My dear Mr. Blackwood,—As it seems my statement that Mr. Liggins is not the author of 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and 'Adam Bede' is by certain persons flatly contradicted, I wish you would add the weight of your testimony to the truth of what I have stated. It is the more painful to me that Mr. Liggins, or any one else, should be receiving charitable donations on the ground that your treatment of me has not been sufficiently liberal, because I, for my part, can only wish that every author had equal reason to be satisfied with

his publisher. If those benevolent persons who persist in attributing the authorship of the works in question to Mr. Liggins will induce Mr. Liggins to write one chapter of a story, that chapter may possibly do what my denial has failed to do.

"Yours most sincerely, GEORGE ELIOT."

"To John Blackwood, Esq."

—The doubt arises—who is Mr. Liggins? Has anybody ever seen him in the flesh? Is he a shadow like George Eliot?

An error of the press, which the author of 'Robert Moray' very fairly asks us to correct, described that novel as having for subject the struggles of "modern fanaticism." We should have said, modern *Faustism*. The error was purely typographical.

Mr. Brent desires to say a word—an unpleasant word—on the Rev. Mr. Jephson's 'Narrative of a Walking Tour in Brittany':—

"Canterbury, June 6th.

"Not having the above work before me, reviewed in the *Athenæum* on the 28th of May 1859, I am unable to say how far the author has omitted to acknowledge the sources whence he has derived a considerable portion of his information. In respect, however, of the extracts given in the *Athenæum*, No. 1648, I beg to state that the description of the wedding ceremonies at Quimper, and the dialogue between the 'Bazvalan' and 'Breutair,' and the 'Marriage Song' is taken *verbatim* from M. T. H. De la Villemarqué's 'Baryaz Breiz,' or 'Popular Songs of Brittany,' published 1846—see vol. 2, page 297. A condensed translation of the above appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* for February 1853, page 93, in a paper entitled 'The Popular Poetry of Brittany.' I am, &c.,

"JOHN BRENT, JUN."

—Mr. Jephson must defend himself—if he can—from this charge of appropriation.

The Medical Society of Geneva offer two prizes, of 1,000 and 500 francs, for the best and second best essays 'On the Diagnosis of Small Pox, Vaccination, and Re-vaccination.' The essays, which may be written in Latin, French, German, English, or Italian, must be sent in on or before the 1st of June, 1860, addressed to the Secretary of the Society.

The gentleman who signs himself "The Reviewing Editor of the *World*" begs an additional line of explanation:—

"9, Charing Cross, June 4.

"Mr. Cooper's letter is satisfactory of my right to having called myself 'The Reviewing Editor of the *World*'; but there is one point not touched upon therein, of which, in justice, I must request you to give space for my explanation and denial. The expressions in the letter to which you apply the epithets 'puff past and puff future' were used as expressions of courtesy merely to a well-known author of a meritorious work. Moreover, I aver that I have never written a letter to any author or publisher hinting, even in the most obscure terms, that a favourable review would be given of any work applied for by me."

Prof. David, of Louvain, has edited the second volume of Jacob von Maerland's celebrated work 'Rymbybel,' at the expense of Government. Belgium has but few works to equal this in typographic luxury. The Royal Belgian Academy has now undertaken the publication of this master-work of old Flemish literature, as a national monument.

The Prussian Government is going to erect a monument on the battle-field of Rossbach. It is to consist of a colossal stone cube, surmounted by a cross, and with the Prussian eagle in a niche. The sculptor, Herr Stürmer, of Berlin, has been intrusted with the execution of this monument.

The town of Damme, in East Flanders, has been permitted by a royal decree to erect a monument to the old Flemish poet, Jacob van Maerland, who was born at Damme. At the same time, prizes are offered for the best critical biography of the poet (written in Flemish) and a poem in his honour. The expense of the monument will be covered by voluntary subscriptions: the prizes (two gold medals and two purses of 1,000 francs each) are given by the Belgian Government.

The sale of the Lee Priory pictures, which was

previously announced in these columns, has taken place. The merit of these pictures in point of Art was very far below what had been anticipated. Several of the most celebrated, to wit, the Brandon Duke of Suffolk and Mary of France, and the Holbein miniature of Anne of Cleves, which did so much mischief, had been previously abstracted. The one is now, we believe, at Woburn Abbey, the other at Col. Meyrick's, Goodrich Castle. Those that remained seem to have suffered most woefully from damp and neglect. An early Flemish picture, to which the name of Mabuse had been given, was more fortunate in point of condition. It was fairly well preserved, and excited a great deal of interest. The attractive points, however, were almost entirely confined to manipulation and to the exquisite minuteness with which every part was finished. This large square panel contains five figures, and was originally only a portion of a large rededor, or a series of pictures forming an altar decoration. The donor, an ecclesiastic in a white robe, kneels with folded hands, and is supported by two patron saints, a bishop and a monk, probably St. Bernardino, of Siena. Behind him stands a second bishop, and to the extreme left in the distance is seen a beggar advancing along a road. By far the most interesting, and unspoiled by restoration, was the so-called 'Portrait of Margaret Tudor,' sister to our King Henry the Eighth. The 'Catherine of Arragon,' once a valuable picture, no doubt, has been so entirely debased and plastered over with paint that nothing but the general appearance any longer remains. A small 'Head of Cromwell, Earl of Essex,' although much ruined, was full of individuality of character and expression. A small 'Portrait of Henry the Eighth,' viewed most unusually, in three-quarter, was valuable also for portraiture. The much-talked-of picture of 'Henry the Eighth,' life-size and in front view, was as completely defaced by modern paint as the 'Catherine of Arragon.' A characteristically of Dr. Busby was purchased for the family. Hudson's full-length portrait of a young Barrett, in blue, was an admirable specimen of the peculiar attainments of the artist, and interesting, also, as anticipating much of what Gainsborough afterwards performed in his much-talked-of Blue Boy.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight till Seven o'clock), One Shilling. Catalogues, One Shilling. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Society IS NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Season Tickets, 5s. JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

'THE DERBY DAY,' by W. P. FAIR, R.A., is now ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond Street. Open from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.—Admission, One Shilling.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 120, Pall Mall.—THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN. Also in the same building, the Works of DAVID COX.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. each. From Ten till Five.

EXHIBITION—NOW OPEN.—Messrs. DICKINSON having been intrusted by the Proprietors with the loan of the various Pictures and Portraits executed in their establishment, beg to announce that for the next month they are on Public Exhibition.—Admission, 1s.—114, New Bond Street.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION, a Conduit Street, Regent Street, WILL CLOSE JUNE 30. Admission, One Shilling. JAS. FERGUSSON, J. Hon. JAS. EDMONSTON, J. Secs.

VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Open from Ten till Six; Evening, from half-past Seven till Ten.—A Series of large Historical Paintings, by L. W. Deshayes, authentically illustrating with life-size Portraits the brave and stirring deeds of those who gained the Victoria Cross of Valour in the Russian and Indian Wars.

BENARES and the SACRED GANGES, is NOW OPEN, at BURFORD'S PANORAMA, showing the entire beauties of this Holy City, and the wonderful expanse of Sacred Waters before it.—CANTON, from the Magazine Hill, and the RIGH KULM at Sunrise, showing a large portion of Switzerland, are also open daily, from Ten till dusk.—Admission, 1s. to each View. BURFORD'S, Leicester Square.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—GREAT GLOBE, Leicester Square, GRAND MOVING DIORAMAS OF SITES and SCENES of the WAR IN ITALY, The Four of the Rhine, China, Japan, and the Campaign in India.—France, Austria, and the Italian War.—Great Globe, Leicester Square.—Admission to the whole, One Shilling.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.—ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Patron, H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.—Open daily as usual, from Twelve to Five; Evenings from Seven to Ten.

MADAME LOLA MONTEZ (Countess of Landfeld) will deliver positively her last Lecture in London, at St. James's Hall, on **WEDNESDAY, June 15.** Subject, **STRONG-MINDED WOMEN, with an amusing Account of the "Woman's Rights Movement in America."** Doors open at Half-past Seven, commence at Half-past Eight. Carriages, Quays to Ten.—Stalls, 5s. Reserved Seats, 3s. Unreserved, 1s. Tickets at the Hall and at the principal Music-sellers.

ROYAL COLLEGIUM.—OPEN DAILY.—Eight First-Class Exhibitions and Entertainments. Open, Morning, Twelve till Five; Evening, Seven till half-past Ten.—Admission, 1s.; Children under Ten and Scholars, 6d.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Dr. Bachhoffer, F.R.S.

DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, top of the Haymarket (open for Gentlemen only).—Dr. Kahn will deliver Lectures daily, at Three and half-past Eight, at his unrivalled and original Museum, on important and interesting topics in connexion with Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology (vide Programme). Admission, 1s.—Dr. Kahn's Lectures, &c. free by post for twelve stamps, direct from the Author, 17, Harley Street, Cavendish square.

MADAME CAPLIN'S ANATOMICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL GALLERY (for Ladies only). **OPEN DAILY**, 58, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W. Lectures on Wednesdays by Madame Caplin, commencing at 5 o'clock.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE, 369, OXFORD STREET, nearly opposite the Princess's Theatre.—This splendid Institution is now complete, and **OPEN DAILY** for GENTLEMEN ONLY, from Eleven A.M. till Ten P.M. Popular Lectures take place six times every day, illustrated by Scientific Apparatus, and the most superb Collection of Anatomical Specimens and Models in the world: also extraordinary natural wonders and curiosities.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, Free.—"A really splendid collection."

SCIENCE

SCIENTISTS.

ASTRONOMICAL.—**May 13.**—Rev. R. Main, President, in the chair.—Messrs. C. Pinches, W. Davies, W. Thomas, T. Gaunt, and S. Kinns, were elected Fellows.—'Note from the Astronomer-Royal.'—'Notice of Traces of Eruptive Action in the Moon,' by the Rev. T. W. Webb.—'Sur la Variation Séculaire du Moyen Mouvement de la Lune,' par M. de Pontécoulant.—'Extract of a Letter from Prof. Hansen to the Astronomer-Royal, dated Gotha, May 31, 1859.'—Results of the Observations of Small Planets, made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in the month of April, 1859, communicated by the Astronomer-Royal.—'Observations of the Occultation of Saturn by the Moon, made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, 1859, May 8,' communicated by the Astronomer-Royal.—'Right Ascension and North Polar Distance of the Minor Planets, from Observations made at the Madras Observatory in the Years 1853–1857,' by Capt. W. S. Jacob, late Director of the Madras Observatory.

GEOLOGICAL.—**June 1.**—Major-Gen. Portlock, V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. J. Lamont and W. Longman were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read:—'On the Sinking for Coal at the Shirecoats Colliery near Workop, Notts,' by J. Lancaster and C. C. Wright, Esqs.—'Notes on the Geology of Southern Australia,' by A. R. C. Selwyn, Esq., Director of the Geological Survey of Victoria.

ASIATIC.—**June 4.**—Prof. H. H. Wilson in the chair.—Dr. J. Forbes Watson was elected.—Lord Viscount Strangford concluded his lecture in illustration of Ethnological Sketches from Constantinople. After briefly adverting to the condition of the better-known Asiatic nationalities, residing in greater or less numbers in that capital,—such as the Jews, the Armenians, the Persians and Indians,—the lecturer gave a more detailed account of the widely-extended Turk race, especially of its central Asiatic members,—men of Bokhara, Kokan, and Chinese Turkistan, of whom many are to be found sojourning among their Osmanli brothers. His Lordship dwelt upon these widely-spread tribes of one great race; and pointed out that a man acquainted with the Turkish language might travel from the banks of the Danube to the wall of China, and find himself perfectly understood throughout that large tract, without a single break, in a zone which stretches over nearly a quarter of the whole circumference of the globe. A sketch of the physical geography and political history of these remote and almost unknown countries was then given; and special reference was made to the regions abounding in gold, readily approachable from our Indian dependencies, to which our treaty with China ought to allow us access. He then proceeded to give an account of

the various religious changes of these races; their once flourishing literature, of which the 'Memoirs of the Emperor Baber' is the best known work; and of the traces of their moral influence to be found in the countries once overrun, or temporarily occupied, by their warlike ancestors. His Lordship concluded with a curious notice of the Turkish language in India. It was the vernacular dialect of the early Mogul emperors; and, though completely obliterated at present, appears from various notices to have prevailed till shortly before the invasion of Nadir Shah.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—**June 2.**—O. Morgan, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A Report was read from the Council, announcing the receipt by the Society of 2,700*l.* on account of the Stevenson bequest.—Mr. C. V. Bayley and Mr. W. R. Callender were elected Fellows.—Mr. S. Stone exhibited a pair of fibule, a bucket, and other objects, found at Brighthampton, Oxon.—Viscount Folkestone exhibited a bronze dagger-blade, found on his lordship's estate, with a human skeleton and an urn.—Mr. Evans read a paper 'On the occurrence of Flint Implements in undisturbed Beds of Gravel, Sand, and Clay (such as are known by Geologists under the name of Drift) in several Localities, both on the Continent and this Country.' The first discovery of these implements is due to M. Boucher de Perthes, of Abbeville, who in the pits in that neighbourhood, found flints evidently fashioned by the hand of man, under such conditions as forced upon him the conclusion that they must have been deposited in the spots where they were found at the very period of the formation of the containing beds. M. de Perthes announced his discoveries in a work entitled 'Antiquités Celtiques et Antédiluviennes,' 1^{re} 2 vols., the first published in 1849, and the second in 1857; but owing in some measure to the admixture of theory with the facts therein stated, his work has not received the attention it deserves. The late discovery in the Brixham Cave, in Devonshire, of flint weapons in conjunction with the bones of the extinct mammals, had brought the question of the co-existence of man with them again prominently forward among geologists, and determined Mr. Prestwich, who has devoted much attention to the later geological formations, to proceed to Abbeville, and investigate upon the spot the discoveries of M. de Perthes. He had there been joined by Mr. Evans, and they had together visited the pits where flint weapons had been alleged to have been found, both in the neighbourhood of Abbeville and Amiens. The chalk hills near both these towns are capped with drift, which apparently is continued down into the valleys, where it assumes a more arenaceous character, and in these beds of sand, as well as more rarely in the more gravelly beds. Upon the hills mammalian remains have been found in large quantities. They include the extinct elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyena, tiger, stag, ox and horse—in fact, most of the animals whose bones are so commonly associated together in the drift and caverns of the Post-pliocene period. On the hills near Abbeville, and at St. Acheul, near Amiens, the drift varies in thickness from about ten to twenty feet, and consists of beds of subangular gravel, with large flints, and above them sands containing the fragile shells of freshwater molluscs, and beds of brick-earth. It is among the basement beds of gravel, at a slight distance above the chalk, that the flint implements are usually found. They are of three forms:—1. Flakes of flint apparently intended for knives or arrow-heads. 2. Pointed implements, usually truncated at the base, and varying in length from four to nine inches—possibly used as spear or lance heads, which in shape they resemble. 3. Oval or almond-shaped implements, from two to nine inches in length, and with a cutting edge all round. They have generally one end more sharply curved than the other, and occasionally even pointed, and were possibly used as sling-stones, or as axes, cutting at either end, with a handle bound round the centre. The evidence derived from the implements of the first form is not of much weight, on account of the extreme simplicity of the implements, which at times renders it difficult to determine whether they are produced by art or by natural causes. This

simplicity of form would also prevent the flint flakes made at the earliest period from being distinguishable from those of a later date. The case is different with the other two forms of implements, of which numerous specimens were exhibited; all indisputably worked by the hand of man, and not indebted for their shape to any natural configuration or peculiar fracture of the flint. They present no analogy in form to the well-known implements of the so-called Celtic or stone period, which, moreover, have for the most part some portion, if not the whole, of their surface ground or polished, and are frequently made from other stones than flint. Those from the drift are, on the contrary, never ground, and are exclusively of flint. They have, indeed, every appearance of having been fabricated by another race of men, who from the fact that the Celtic stone weapons have been found in the superficial soil above the drift containing these ruder weapons, as well as from other considerations, must have inhabited this region of the globe at a period anterior to its so-called Celtic occupation. This difference in form and character from the ordinary types of stone implements strengthened the probability of their having been found under entirely different circumstances; and Mr. Evans then proceeded to examine the evidence of their having been really discovered in undisturbed beds of gravel, sand, and clay. He showed from various circumstances in connexion with them, such as their discoloration by contact with ochreous matter, whitening when imbedded in a clayey matrix, and in some instances being incrustated with carbonate of lime, the extreme probability of their having been deposited in these beds at the very time of their formation, inasmuch as the unwrought flints adjacent to them had been affected in a precisely similar manner and to no greater extent. This discoloration and incrustation of the implements also proved that they had really been found in the beds out of which they were asserted to have been dug; and their number and the depth from the surface at which they were found were such that if they had been buried at any period subsequent to the formation of the drift, some evident traces must have been left of the holes dug for this purpose; but none such had been observed, though many hundreds of the implements had been found dispersed through the mass. But besides this circumstantial evidence, there was the direct testimony of MM. Boucher de Perthes, Rigollot and others to the fact of these implements having been discovered underneath undisturbed beds of drift, and many of them under the immediate eye of M. de Perthes, who, indeed, had been the first to point out the existence of these implements to the workmen. Of the correctness of this testimony, the writer, when visiting with Mr. Prestwich the gravel pit at St. Acheul near Amiens, had received ocular proof. There, at the depth of 11 feet from the surface, in the face of the bank or wall of gravel, the whole of which, with the exception of the surface soil, had its layers of sand, gravel and clay entirely undisturbed, was one of these implements *in situ*, with only the edge exposed, the remainder being still firmly imbedded in the gravel. After having photographs taken of it, so as to verify its position, this implement had been exhumed, and was now exhibited with other specimens. At a subsequent visit of Mr. Prestwich and some other geologists to the spot, one of the party, by digging into the bank of gravel at a depth of 16 feet from the surface, had dislodged a remarkably fine weapon of the oval form, the beds above being also in a perfectly undisturbed condition. The inevitable conclusion drawn from these facts was, that M. Boucher de Perthes' assertions were fully substantiated, and that these implements had been deposited among the gravel at the time of the formation of the drift. And this conclusion was corroborated in the most remarkable manner by discoveries which had been made long since in England, but whose bearing upon this question had until the present time been overlooked. In the 13th vol. of the 'Archæologia,' is an account by Mr. Frere, in 1797, of the discovery of some flint weapons in Suffolk, in conjunction with Elephant remains, at a depth of 11 to 12 feet from the surface, in gravel overlaid by sand and brick-

earth, presenting a section extremely analogous with some that might be found near Amiens or Abbeville. Some of these weapons are preserved in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries and in the British Museum, and are identical in form with those found on the Continent. Mr. Prestwich had been to Suffolk, and verified the discoveries recorded by Mr. Frere. Flint implements are still found there as well as mammalian remains, but in diminished quantity, only two of the weapons having been brought to light during last winter. Another of these implements is in the British Museum, having been formerly in the Kemp and Sloane collections, and is recorded to have been found with an elephant's tooth in Gray's Inn Lane. Similar implements are also reported to have been found in the gravel near Peterborough. These accumulated facts prove, almost beyond controversy, the simultaneous deposition of instruments worked by the hand of man with bones of the extinct mammalia in the drift of the Postpliocene period. Whether the age of man's existence upon the earth is to be carried back far beyond even Egyptian or Chinese chronology, or that of the extinct elephant, rhinoceros and other animals brought down nearer to the present time than has commonly been allowed, must remain a matter for conjecture. Thus much appears nearly indisputable: that at a remote period, possibly before the separation of England from the Continent, this portion of the globe was densely peopled by man; that implements, the work of his hands, were caught up together with the bones of the extinct mammals by the rush of water, through whose agency the gravel beds were formed; that above this gravel, in comparatively tranquil fresh water, thick beds of sand and loam were deposited, full of the delicate shells of freshwater mollusca, and that where all this took place now forms tableland on the summit of hills nearly 200 feet above the level of the sea, in a country whose level is now stationary, and the face of which has remained unaltered during the whole period which history or tradition embraces. In conclusion, Mr. Evans suggested a careful examination of all beds of drift in which elephant remains had been found, with a view of ascertaining the co-existence with them of these flint implements, and still further illustrating their history. Their rudeness, and the fact that they had not been sought for by those who have investigated the drift, may well account for their not having been more generally found. He mentioned the banks of the Thames, the eastern coast of England, the western coast of Sussex, the valleys of the Avon, Severn and Ouse, as localities where the existence of the mammaliferous drift was well known, and where there was every probability of a search for these implements, the earliest records of the human race, would be rewarded by success.

NUMISMATIC.—May 26.—W. S. W. Vaux, President, in the chair.—Prof. Donaldson read a paper 'On the Neocor Medals of Cities,' and, more especially, on those of Smyrna, Ephesus, Pergamus, and Perinthus, in which he gave an account of the original meaning of the title "*Neokoros*," and of its subsequent architectural adoption. In its first sense, it no doubt means simply "the cleanser or sweeper of a temple"; by degrees, however, this humble office became one of great importance, and the title was given, as one of the highest honour, not only to individuals, but also to communities. In the second sense, it occurs in the well-known passage of the Acts of the Apostles, ch. xix, v. 35, where, however, the Greek *Νεωκόρος* is very inadequately translated by the English "worshipper." Many hundreds of coins exist, struck by Greek States during the Roman Imperial times, on which this title occurs: in many cases, as on those alluded to above, in connexion with the representations of temples, of which the people or cities are said to have been the *Νεωκόροι*. There can be no doubt that, in these instances, the people were considered as the guardians of the sacred fane, and of its treasures, as well as of its rites, festivals, colleges of priests, &c. In this respect, therefore, the *νεωκόροι* of the Greeks corresponded very nearly with the *aditui* or *aditimi* of the Romans. A

great extension of the principle of the Neocorate occurred when the custom arose of erecting temples in honour of living or deified emperors, which was, at first, faintly resisted by Augustus, but soon became very common in Asiatic Greece; and Prof. Donaldson contends, that this honour carried with it the erection and endowment of a temple by a city, a community, or an union of states. Certain it is, that some cities, like Ephesus, claimed this as an individual privilege; and that, where more than one city were associated together, the coins often indicate this fact by the word "*Ονομασία*." By this custom may probably be explained the types of some coins, where a female holds one or two temples in her hand, as on a coin of Perinthus, or where, as in some cases, there are two, three, and even four temples on the reverse. Prof. Donaldson described, at some length, the architectural features of the buildings delineated on these Neocorate coins, and stated that the artists had, in most cases, represented the buildings correctly. He concluded his paper with some interesting notices of the places—especially Ephesus—which he had himself visited, many years ago, in search of antiquities.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON.** British Architects, 8.—
—Geographical, 88.—Explorations in Eastern Africa, by Capt. Burton and Capt. Speke.
TUES. Syro-Egyptian, 74.—On the Ancient Egyptian Cubit of the Louvre and the Palette of an Ancient Theban Scribe, by Dr. Lee and Messrs. Sharpe and Bonomi.—
—Extracts from the Journals of English Residents at Ghadames and Diarbekir, by Mr. Bonomi.
—Royal Institution, 3.—On Geological Science, by Prof. Morris.
WED. Geological, 8.—Special General.—Notes on Spitzbergen, by Mr. Lammont.—On the Origin of Dolomites and Gypsams, by Mr. Sterry Hunt.—On Tertiary Shells from Central India, by Rev. S. Hialop.
THURS. Linnean, 8.—On East Indian Salices, by Prof. Andersen.—On Monocotyledonous Embryos, by Mr. Clarke.—On the Cultivation of the Cocoa-nut in Ceylon, by Rev. Mr. Foulkes.—On *Lepidoptera Psepheni*, the Palm producing the *Piasaba* of the Rio Negro, by Mr. Spruce.
—Royal Institution, 3.—On the Seven Periods of Art, by Mr. Layard.
—Chemical.—On Gas Analysis, by Prof. Williamson.—On the Action of Carbonic Oxide upon Potassium, by Prof. Brodie.
FRI. Royal Institution.—Meeting at 8; Lecture at 9.—On Becquerel's Phenomena of Phosphorescence, by Prof. Perard.
SAT. Royal Institution, 3.—On Modern Italian Literature, by Mr. Lacaita.
—Asiatic, 2.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS Exhibition represents the Tory or Conservative school in Art. It admits none but dead men's works, and holds them up, as it were, as warnings and rebukes to the living. It seems to stand in Pall Mall, between the scarlet sentinels, crying with a loud and denouncing voice, "Buy none but old masters."

Here the favoured public are permitted to annual peeps of family pictures, which students, to the destruction of their own originality, are permitted to copy. Better than this, one day in the fields, or one minute's keen study of a child's face; but every one to his *godd*: it flatters the proprietors of good and bad pictures, it rouses the servile copies, and pleases the public,—so it will go on till public taste widens and deepens.

But while we condemn the dull eclecticism of the ordinary Exhibitions, we would not for a moment condemn the present, or deny its interest and its usefulness. Arranged in groups, and classified so as to show the history of Art, this mere jumbled show-room of good, middling, and bad pictures, would take quite a new shape, and rise at once to be an educational and invaluable exhibition. The bad Art, the smooth, dull, irreligious, attractive eclecticism, the source of our modern pseudo-religious and Keatsian Art, should never be exhibited on these walls, tolerant and catholic as they may be, without a warning and a protest. Classifications would do this; for the great periods, once arranged in phalanx, would kill everything else, and at once assert their educational supremacy. Every now and then a room should be devoted to some special old or modern master—Fuseli, Opie, Cotes, Hilton,—some of those historical men whose works, though they form a leaf or two in the chronicles of English Art, are so rarely to be seen by the student, or the self-educating dilettante. No

copies should be allowed, only drawings and sketches, and a prize might be offered for the best study in the manner of a certain master, for this would promote versatility, and discover grasp of mind without injuring originality, the loss of which is irreparable. Art is no longer a plaything, and we trust the time is coming, and that soon, when it will be no longer—a manufacture.

The Exhibition of the older Italian masters is very strong this year, though, as usual, the portraits and the mere unfeeling Academic studies predominate. In the modern room Gainsborough is grandly represented, and his portrait presides, like Mr. Speaker, over quite a parliament of his own graceful and delightful portraits.

There are one or two fine stormy audacious Titorettoes, giving us more impression of his force and art than of his religion. His *Last Supper* (7), except for a certain solemnity and twilight gloom, might be a faded Jan Steen. Our Saviour's head is blunt and ignoble, and except the starts of surprise and the ingenious contrasts of attitude, there is nothing serious in the picture. There is great originality and invention, however, in casting the one disciple's head down on the table, and in throwing the dark profiles in such a painter-like way against the background.—There is also an *Ecce Homo* (26) by the same grand but unequal thinker,—a *Christ driving out the Money-changers* (44).—And lastly, a large picture of the first order—*The Baptism of our Saviour* (45). The subject is daintily conventionalized, and the Holy Land figures are mixed up with naked cherubs and the brawny river-god of a Roman fountain, with the usual strong dash of light on the lip of the murky, transparent web of green water. The Baptist is in rather an academic attitude, but this small affectation is forgotten amid so many beauties. From this work of power (though ill-drawn), with its green tone, luminous flesh, and jungles of dark, solemn shadow, we pass to the mere clever and tasteful eclecticism of Cavedone, a rival of the Carracci, who died the year of our Restoration, after attempting all his life, with various degrees of success, to unite the colour of Titian with the learning of the Carracci. His *Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew* (51), though always a butcherly and revolting subject, stands well amongst the 173 pictures exhibited. With skill and taste, though the flying has begun, it is only hinted by a red shadow at the side of the arm, where the knife works. The saint is a fine fleshy bit of anatomy, striving in prayer, and the soldiers are stern and stolid, as they should be.

To contrast with this learned finish, take Albert Dürer's hard-enamel *Crucifixion* (87), with scarcely any relief, yet full of truth, meaning, and faith, and little bits of nature, like the red light in the window in the background; or observe that dry diagrammed *Venus* (39), by S. Botticelli, the hide-bound, quaint imitator of Fra Lippo Lippi. The colour is not unlike Albert Dürer's larger pictures, and the flowers in the lap of the lady's scarf-like robe are treated in a dull, heavy way.—G. Poussin's *Landscape* (14) we cannot praise, except as a convention, for it is ambitious, lumbering and unreal; there was an idea in Poussin's pedantic mind that God's world wanted a deal of dressing up before it was fit to be seen. It is severer than Gainsborough's liquorice flighty landscapes, but not half so true. There is no joy of life in Poussin—no love of God's world; nothing but pictorial sense, art, and learning. Amongst the pictures not worth exhibiting are, conspicuously, Schidone's coarse *Allegory* (37), with its waggon-load of a child crowning a skull with laurel, and A. da Salaris's *Christ bearing the Cross* (41). The flesh green and hideous, the cross dully copied, and smoothed out vein by vein.—Amongst the admirable portraits are the interesting ones of *Michael Angelo* and *Giulio Romano* (10), by S. del Piombo, who knew and worked with both of them,—and *Raffaello's Portrait* (21), by Titian. One is never tired of the tender angel-face of the young painter.—For simple strength we admire Titian's *Head of a Man* (40); the scarlet robe and line of fur so grand, unharmed, and thought over; the lean severe face so perfectly given, even to the dry wiriness of the crisp grey hairs in the tufted beard.—G. Romano's *Portrait of Giuliano de'*

Metis (52); the face is brutally clownish and coarse, and might stand for the mere ruffian, but it is treated with all the Urbino breadth and simplicity, and is pregnant with life.—For contrast, go first to the vigorous portraits of *Snyders*, his *Wife and Child* (42), by Vandyke,—compare the careful, yet free, and, for Vandyke, almost coarse, painting of his frank, hearty head, and of his full-eyed, good-tempered wife, with Frank Hals's *Portraits of a Gentleman* (105) and *Lady* (108). One can see that one was a courtier and cavalier, the other a tavern sot. Hals's painting is full of dashes and slashes like a pen drawing, no softening glazes—all done at a dash, coarse, harsh, clever and hasty—done for money by the hunks who kept Brauer looked up as a slave in his garret when Ostade was working and singing in the sunny room below. There is, however, a great deal of life and expression about these Opie heads—the burgher with his cloak and collar, the ringletted laughing lady with the great ribbon-knot by her side, and the black enamelled watch hung to it as an ornament. To copy these slovenlinesses would be death to a quick-eyed, impatient student.—F. Bol's picturesque *Head of a Youth* (86) is dangerous in another way. It is smoothed and softened like a tea-tray; clever and smart as it is, it is killed with dull greediness of labour. The carnations of this pupil of Rembrandt, this Dort-man, are too brown and Spanish: blood is never brown, though skin may be. Yet, with all its faults, we like the young gallant, with the heavy gold chain, six times doubled; the green-lit gorget, the black "bonnet," and the tall feather arching up straight over his forehead. One could sit and dream a dozen stories over this frank-eyed head.—*The Duchess of Buckingham and Family* (46) seems raw, and injured by cleaning, just as the *Snyders* does. The glow is gone, the greys are green and harsh, the eyes stare, the dark lines cut crudely, because the softening mist of glaze is gone. As they stand now they are not bad pictures, certainly, but merely unfinished pictures. The last touches are cruelly peeled off. The Duchess in profile seems to retreat; the Jewish-faced boy behind to advance.—Dossio Dossi, whom Ariosto praised as Dante did Giotto, is not seen to much advantage in the clumsy group of studies called *Grief, Laughter, Rage* (33). None of the expressions look real but that of the sturdy looking Roman clown with the sunburnt face, who grins and shows his teeth.

Passing contemptuously by an odious, artificial Dutch moonlight piece, we come to a mass of creditable Eclectics—good painters, but poor thinkers—surrounding a gorgeous mass of *Still Life* (22), by De Heem, where the scarlet lobster burns out amongst drinking-glasses and coloured fruits. Here is Domenichino's *Lucretia* (30), a glowing bit of rich colour, studied action, and appropriate expression, though utterly uninteresting and without a spark of genius. *Christ disputing with the Doctors* (31), by Strozzi, the Genoese Capucin,—the old men, as usual, are good, and look, as they should do, perplexed and baffled, yet unconvinced. Our Saviour, however, seems by no means wise. The *Christ healing the Blind* (32), by A. Carracci, is the perfection of Eclecticism,—the Saviour's head as usual the blot of the picture; but the blind youth's face admirably expressing a sense of the commencement of the miracle and a rising joy and gratitude. Then there is Salvator Rosa's curious picture of *Fortune showing her Gifts on the Ases and Sine* (17), for which as a rebuke on the Pope he was banished from Rome; nor must we forget the exquisite flesh painting in the *St. Sebastian* (23), by Baglione, one of the Carracci pupils. The body is beautifully rounded, and the colour rich and true,—the profile face nervously given.

Perhaps, however, the most gigantic fragment or echo of a great thought in the room is Michael Angelo's *Virgin and Child* (15), two figures of which are as yet only washed in with dull green. The colour is dull and mannered, but there is divinity and consummate power in the Virgin's head. St. John has the usual wild, gipsy character that M. Angelo generally gave him. Equally grand and soaring is Raffaele's *Madonna dell' Impannata* (16), though not in the painter's happiest vein of colour. Observe, too, the *Adoration of the Magi*

(47), by Pordenone, with no expression, but much Veronese richness of costume, and a fine grave tone of colour; and Tintoretto's senatorial portrait of one of the *Pesari* (1), who looks every inch a doge,—an oligarch, dark, stately, wise, and subtle. *The Salvation* (3), by Manzoni di San Friano, is too large to be overlooked,—and the *Head of a Man* (6), by S. del Pionbo, with the flaunting scarlet head-dress, black eyebrows, and bad mouth, is worth all observation.

Leaving some unfaded *Flowers* (85), by Van Os, some tiresome Dutch landscapes, vulgar Hondelcoeter fowls, and clear-coloured, coarse Jan Steens,—we come to the throne-room of Gainsborough, watched by his own dogged, rustic head,—stopping only for a moment at a tearing race of yelling and bleeding dogs (110), by *Snyders*, the most epical and potent of animal painters. Here are the Suffolk man's transparent brown trees, his blue-green distances, his chubby peasant boys, his graceful ladies in large hats and powdered hair; here his shapeless drawing, his fading outline, his bewitching magic, his airy lightness, and easy, unlaboured elegance, sometimes breathing away into smoke, scurry, fuss, blur, and tangle, but often settling down like a magic vapour, as you gaze into a vision of some siren of beauty disguised by the vanity of an untoward dress; gentleman in scarlet, gentleman in pea-green, stout gentleman in amber waistcoat and tambour-work, with grey coat, dissolving-view of grey spotted horse, sentimental village boy, fleshy-nosed pigs, vivacious dogs, Suffolk sea-coast, with a long roll of combing wave; many changes, but everywhere the same honest, manly painter, conveying, without much learning or education, his sense of the beautiful and true; never teaching anything but the one truth of grace, not with Reynolds's sculpturesque strength and fire, but with a delicious, pure-hearted dreaminess that is as indescribable as is the difference between the scent of a narcissus and that of a violet. Compare his vision of *Georgiana, First Countess of Spencer* (163), dressed as a man with strained back, powdered hair, and coat with the vision of a rose in it, with that bold self-asserting head, by his rival, Reynolds, of *Mr. Weddell* (163). The Suffolk work is a dream beside that Devonshire work, with its rich yellow glow and its strong lake markings of lip and nostril; it looks a sketch beside that highly-modelled work, as it would beside that fine candle-light group of Wright of Derby (144), representing the artist and two of the first Royal Academicians examining a statuette of 'The Fighting Gladiator.' Yet who would know which to choose, if the choice were offered. Compare his *Girl Feeding Pigs* (172), perhaps the very one Peter Pindar laughed at, with Sir Joshua's *Contemplation* (145), so thought out and worked out, so innocent, yet so full of the painter's art. The choicest specimens of this Suffolk master are here, from the graceful pair, *Mr. and Mrs. Hallett* (83), in all the bloom of life, to the equally admirable, though rather pert, *Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and Lady Elizabeth Luttrell* (97),—from the fascinating *Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire* (149), a very queen of the fairies, with a dewy-rosebud mouth, and eyes wickedly amused and astonished at the mischief they do, to the scrimmaging sketch for *Miss Gainsborough* (173), left unfinished, with transparent smears for the hands and guitar, parts of the cheek and chin elaborately modelled. Then, amid Zoffany's stage scene, and Stothard's pleasant, quiet scrap from the *Spectator*, and Hilton's grand flatulence, and Wilton's *Italian Scene* (164), Morland's *Dogs* (126) and *Death of the Fox* (118), we come to the tremendous *Family Tableau* (150), by Gainsborough, showing him in his most ambitious climax of portraiture, with mother, baby, little buttoned-up boy in blue, with a red scarf, and sturdily, sensible father looking on, on the side, with a certain English confidence, pleasure and pride. Then there is his almost historic likeness of *Mrs. Sheridan (Miss Linley)* (152), beautiful as the day, and her little brother, with a pretty beseechfulness in his face and a clever earnestness in his eyes. *The Peasant Boy* (157), with the bird's nest, is rather sham, and is a mere scrap of Shenstone incarnated beside that shrewd, kindly, blunt *Ralph Schomberg, Esq.* (142), in the red

velvet, faded brown on the shoulders.—Romney's *Portrait of Hayley* (143), weak, but with a charm, is interesting,—and so is his siren head of *Lady Hamilton* (121).

Amongst the miscellanea, we must mention Sir J. Reynolds's admirable *Sir Watkin and Lady Wynn* (70),—the monochrome vigorous study of the head of *St. Francis de Paula* (74), by Velasquez,—Northcote's clever *Portrait of Himself* (57),—Kneller's unusually rugged and forcible portrait of our gossiping frank old friend *Samuel Pepys* (68),—and Romney's graceful *Portrait of a Lady* (148).

This does not include many admirable studies of female heads by Sir Joshua, hewn out as he alone could hew them out; the eyes not even round, so neglected was his drawing, but still swimming with brown or blue light, or the dark twilight of the full black orb. Those heads puffed up snowily at the top, in such airy balloons of playful hair, knotted with ribbon, or turbaned with gauzy scarves,—the lips (when not cracked or faded) moist with a perpetual carmine,—the chin, dimpled as by the baby impression of Cupid's finger,—the neck, a flexible ivory pillar,—the bosom rosy snow,—the form pliant with poetry and grace—all combine to make those queens of womanhood that Reynolds immortalized with his magic brush.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—A magnificent work of Art has just been deposited in the Royal Gallery of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Mac-lise's cartoon, illustrative of the Battle of Waterloo, has recently been placed against the wall, in the position ultimately to be occupied by the fresco. The moment selected by the artist is the meeting of Wellington and Blücher, after the contest has been decided. The difference of character between the two generals is admirably observed. Blücher, with his fine rough countenance, grasps Wellington's hand with an almost savage cordiality, whilst the Iron Duke here exhibits a sad and depressed aspect. He is attended by the remnant of the Guards. All the figures of this vast composition are life size. The differences of nationality are strikingly depicted, and all the minute details of costume, armour, equipments, implements, including even surgical instruments (for amid carnage and strife the medical staff are prominently seen ministering alike to friend and foe), are exhibited with a precision and fidelity almost surpassing the celebrated works of Vernet. The knowledge of the horse is also a striking feature in Mr. Mac-lise's performance. So wonderfully elaborate, so powerfully conceived, so well drawn, and exquisitely finished in fine touches of black chalk is this work, that we earnestly express a hope that it may not suffer the usual fate of cartoons, which are only regarded as the means to an end, and suffer destruction when copied from, but be preserved with care, as a work of Art in itself, among other cartoons which were made for the Houses of Parliament, and now at Hampton Court Palace. Less hopes are to be entertained of Mr. Mac-lise's success when the subject comes to be thrown into colours. The opposite compartment in the Royal Gallery will be appropriately devoted to Trafalgar.

An important event for the picture-world will take place in July or August. Lord Northwick has determined to sell by auction the vast collection formed by his uncle at Thirlestaine House. The sale is to be at Cheltenham.

The statue of Lord Clive, by Marochetti, which now occupies a temporary place in Privy Gardens, facing the Treasury, is a remarkable instance of perfect ease and repose in point of attitude. Whether this be thoroughly consistent with the character of the stern and haughty Indian hero is not so certain. But in this bronze statue we recognize that freedom from affectation which most of our public statues display. The countenance, to which, perhaps, a dark material is less favourable, is not strongly characteristic of Clive as seen in the well-known portraits. Judging by the costume, wig and pose, the statue would as well have suited Washington as the hero of Plassey.

An artist wishes to make the following statement:—"The Royal Academy Exhibition Cata-

logue for 1858 shows the number of exhibitors to have been 786; of these 49 only were members of the Academy. The number of works exhibited was 1,330, of which 152 were by Academicians, &c. The result, therefore, was that of the exhibitors about one-sixteenth were members of the Academy, and their works about one-ninth of all those included in the Exhibition. This may be taken as about the usual average, and yet none but the Academicians have any voice either as to hanging the pictures, or the application of the funds of 7,000*l.* a year derived from this Exhibition. Is this just?

Mr. Chaffers's collection of engravings, sold during last week by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, brought good prices. The following may be deemed worthy of note: Heliodorus, and companion print, by Anderloni, 6*l.*—Angelo with the body of St. Catherine, beautiful proof by Felsing, 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Little Gardeners, a charming work by Mandel, proof before letters, 10*l.* 10*s.*—Magdalen at Devotion, after Murillo, by Morghen, a fine proof, 12*l.*—The principal work of Toschi, beautiful proof, 90*l.* 5*s.*—Madonna della Passaggio, after Raffaele, by Anderloni, proof, 8*l.* 8*s.*—The Immaculate Conception, after Murillo, by Bridoux, first India proof, 17*l.* 17*s.*—Francesca da Rimini after Ary Scheffer, by Calamatta, an artist's proof, 11*l.*—Descent from the Cross, after Rubens, by Claessens, proof, 24*l.*—Holy Family, called La Vierge au Bas Relief, after Raffaele, by Forster, proof, 15*l.*—The Reading Magdalen, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Longhi, 17*l.*—Marriage of the Virgin, after Raffaele, by the same engraver, proof, with letters, 20*l.*—The Transfiguration, after Raffaele, by Morghen, the last work of the great painter, 15*l.* 10*s.*—Last Supper, after Leonardo da Vinci, by Morghen, an open letter proof, 32*l.*—Madonna di S. Sisto, after Raffaele, by Müller, a fine impression, 12*l.*—Assumption of the Virgin, after Titian, by Schiavoni, proof before any letters, 26*l.*—The Annunciation, after Guido, by Travalloni, 11*l.* The 124 lots produced 611*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. McLean, whose works of Art are not generally very artistic, has published a caricature on the war, entitled 'The Kiss of Judas,' a little profane, if we follow out the thought of the artist, but not wanting in *à propos* cleverness. It represents Louis Napoleon, with his wax-ended moustache and sinister eye, saluting the gross-faced, snubby Victor Emmanuel with a kiss of alliance. The figures are clothed in red and green, and have gilt aureoles round their heads. Political caricature seems now too much concentrated into the large sheet of *Punch*. Hogarth, Gillray, Rowlandson, moved freer, unfettered by editorial restraint. A north-east blast of political satire, free and unrestrained, would do no harm in these lukewarm days of sham toleration.

M. Horace Vernet has left Paris for Italy, having orders to paint the Battle of Montebello for the Museum at Versailles. Montebello is situated in one of the loveliest spots of lovely Italy; the artist has an opportunity here to blend the beauty of the landscape with the horror of the battle scene.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—On TUESDAY, June 21, JOACHIM and MADAME SCHUMANN; on THURSDAY, June 28, WIENIAWSKI and RUBINSTEIN; on FRIDAY, June 29, Mademoiselle Norelli; on SATURDAY, July 2, JOACHIM and RUBINSTEIN (the last performance in England of the latter).—There will be no Matinée June 14.—Members who have omitted to pay their Subscriptions are requested to do so forthwith.

J. ELLIS, Director, 20, Harley Street.

Mr. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERTS, at St. James's Hall, on MONDAYS, June 13 and July 4, when the following distinguished Artists will appear:—Madame Clara Novello, Madame Sherrington Lemmens, and Mdlle. Artot, from the Imperial Opera, Paris (her first appearance); Mesdames Guarducci, Sarcila, and Victoire Balle; Signors Mongini, Ludovico Grazianni, Badiali, and Marini, from the Royal Italian Opera, Drury Lane (by the kind permission of E. T. Smith, Esq.); Signor Belletti, M. Jules Lefort, M. Jules Stockhausen, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Santley; Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Leopold de Meyer, Messrs. Joachim, Wieniawski, Giulio Regondi, M. Louis Engel, Signor Piatti, and M. Pague. The Programmes are now ready.—Sofa Stalls, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Balcony Stalls (front row), 1*l.* 1*s.*; Reserved Seats, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Body of the Hall, 5*s.* Sofa Stalls, to admit to both Concerts, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; front row, Balcony Stalls, to both Concerts, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; Reserved Seats to both Concerts, 1*s.* each; at Cramer & Co. 1*s.*; Chappell & Co. 1*s.*; Lender & Cockle's; R. W. Ollivier's; Mitchell's Royal Library; St. James's Hall Ticket Office; and of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square, W.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S MATINEE will take place on FRIDAY, June 17, at St. James's Hall, on which occasion she will perform the Kreutzer Sonata with Herr Joachim for the last time, and Beethoven's Grand Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, for Piano. Solo.—Stalls, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Balcony, 5*s.*; Gallery, 2*s.* 6*d.*. Tickets may be obtained of Miss Goddard, 47, Welbeck Street, and of all Musicellers.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. HENRY LESLIES CHOIR will give a CONCERT on THURSDAY EVENING, June 23, during the Handel Festival week, to commence at Half-past Eight and terminate at Half-past Ten.—The Programme will consist of popular Madrigals, Glee, and Part Songs.—Stalls, 3*s.*; Gallery, 2*s.*; Area, 1*s.*; Addison, Collier & Co. 1*s.*, 21, Regent Street, W.; at the Hall; or at Keith, Prosser & Co. 1*s.*, 45, Cheapside.—Post office orders to be made payable to the order of Stanley Lucas, Hon. Sec.

Mr. W. H. HOLMES'S THIRD PIANOFORTE CONCERT, WEDNESDAY MORNING, July 13, Hanover Square Rooms, Two o'clock.—Tickets, all Reserved, 10*s.* 6*d.* each, 3*s.*, Beaumont Street, Portland Place, W.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—Crowded Houses and continued Success.—Open EVERY NIGHT at Eight; and SATURDAY AFTERNOON at Three.—Grand Change of Programme.—Stalls, 3*s.*; Unreserved Seats, 2*s.*; Gallery, 1*s.*; which may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street, and at the Hall (Piccadilly entrance), from Nine till Six.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Saints' Voice of Plörmel: a Comic Opera, in Three Acts—Doyle and Pianoforte—[Le Pardon, &c.] By G. Meyerbeer. (Paris, Brandus.)—That "comic opera" with the French merely means spoken dialogue in place of musical recitative, every one knows. Were the adjective taken literally, it would amount to a misnomer as applied to a legend, in which the heroine only revives from madness in the very last notes of the drama.—The perusal of the pianoforte score gives us nothing to correct in the remarks (*ante*, p. 522) which presence at the last full rehearsals of the opera enabled us to offer. We can, on the contrary, confirm what was there stated as to the picturesqueness of the music, and the curiously characteristic manner in which M. Meyerbeer has made his simplicities more difficult than his complications. We fancy that the overture might bear shortening,—the beginning of it, however, is charming, so is the religious march; and the chant behind the curtain, we suppose, was needed as an anticipation. The duet, No. 4, and the *terzett* closing the first act, gain rather than lose by examination; but when did ever precision in notifying intention take such whimsical and perplexing forms as in this score of M. Meyerbeer's? His fancy of introducing odd bars in a different rhythm, where any one else would content himself with noting an *accelerando* or *ritenuto*, has been here pushed to an excess all but morbid,—and will be a perpetual puzzle to all who prepare the music, unless they can keep firmly in their minds that these patchings and changes are apparent, not real. In the second act, we are more pleased than ever with *Dinorah's romance*, 'Le vieux Sorcier,' and her Shadow dance. The *buffo* duet, too, is very good,—as effective in its way, without being so complicated, as the sprightly scene between the suttler girls in 'L'Etoile.' In the third act, the *entr'acte* is excellent. M. Meyerbeer is as notoriously happy in such movements (*ride*, again, 'L'Etoile') as in his *ballet* music he is frank, fresh, and delightful. When the over-anxiety which appears parcel of his nature (to which is ascribable too, possibly, part of his success) comes over him, the whole inspiration seems to change, and without losing its talent to take forms of intricate and tormented felicity, which are not those of the highest art—not those of the Handels, Mozarts, Beethovens, Rossinis. In this third act perusal, as well as performance, makes us again fix on the duet, No. 21, as its strong point,—though pure and romantic, to our thinking, is the chant which enters, swells, passes, and dies away as close to the Breton opera.—These are merely hasty remarks on a work which a few weeks hence will occupy all opera-goers; a remarkable work (let cavillers say what they will) by one of the very few remarkable men left to Music in Europe.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—That there is "wear" in 'Eli'—a fact questioned by such meagre folk as can only admit one style, one school, or one elect composer of music—was proved by the interest which its performance at the *Sacred Harmonic Society* excited yesterday week. The oratorio went with great spirit, before a crowded audience. The singers were Madame Novello, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, and Signor Belletti.

Miss Arabella Goddard gave another *Soirée* on the same evening. This lady has so clever a pair of hands, and plays so large a round of music, that we have now a right to expect from her something more, in acknowledgment of the singular good fortune she has met with in public acceptance, and the unanimous praise with which it seems agreed that she shall be put forward. That her playing, till now, has been only that of a first-class pupil, we cannot but feel. More intelligence, expression and poetry may come with time,—till they come she will not be what her friends are ceaseless in persuading her that she is.—It is unjust to other pianists, more seldom heard, not to state this, without reserve, as without offence.

From the list of Concerts of the Week, those by Madame Cedroni Francia, Mdlle. Anichini, Mdlle. Finoli and Miss Lefter must not be omitted.—That of Herr Pauer claims minuter notice, as an orchestral concert of high interest (excellently conducted, let it be said, by Herr Molique), given by one of our most strenuous resident professors. Herr Pauer deserves every one's good word for his resolution against supineness as a composer. Of music by himself, he gave an *Ave-Maria* for *mezzo-soprano*, which was familiar to us,—a brilliant *solo* concert *Polonoise* and a *Fest-Overture*, in which there is much to like,—pomp at the commencement,—animation perhaps rather than originality as the movement proceeds,—and at the end (what was meant in companionship to Weber's *Jubel-Overture*) a most overcoming introduction of 'Rule Britannia,' scored with spirit enough to be heard as far as Cherbourg. Herr Pauer has one great merit in writing for an orchestra,—his sonority is admirable. He was assisted by Herr Joachim, the incomparable,—by Madame Möser, who is a harpist of the first class—the best female harpist in our recollection—by Mdlles. Johanna Martin and Jenny Meyer. The latter lady makes a favourable impression by the good quality of her voice; but she will forfeit it if she sings Handel,—unless, that is, she sings Handel better than the song from 'Semele,' which was given by her on Wednesday, with care, but without vocal charm or purity of declamation. It is one thing to please in a *lied*, another to work out a grand *aria*:—this young German ladies do not sufficiently understand.—Of M. Halle's *Pianoforte Recitals* we must speak on a future page.

UNIFORM MUSICAL PITCH.—The preliminary meeting convened by the Society of Arts to consider the possibility of taking any measures on this side of the Channel, correspondent with or in adoption of those agreed on in France, for the establishment of a normal diapason, was held yesterday week, with an attendance of some half hundred guests, by whom the different interests of music were fairly represented. Dr. Whewell was in the chair, and introduced the subject by a short address, calling attention to the elaborate French Reports and to the restrictive measure which had been based upon it. "The first question to be determined was, whether it was desirable that a uniform musical pitch should prevail; and, secondly, whether it was possible to establish such a uniform pitch in this country. The latter question came before them very naturally, inasmuch as the establishment of a uniform pitch was to be enforced by stringent legal means in France, a course which could not be imitated in this country. The French legislative provision upon the matter was that musical instruments not conforming to this regulation, were not to be admitted to any Exhibition of Industry. It amounted, in fact, to a prohibition of instruments which were not of the pitch determined upon; and the man who gave false measure in music, was to be dealt with in the same manner as a fraudulent purveyor of meat, or a dishonest vender of cloth. Of course, it could not be expected that their musical friends in this country were to be subjected to penalties such as those, or that a uniform pitch could be enforced here by any such means. Therefore, they had to consider what means short of these could be used, and whether any influence beyond a general understanding amongst those engaged in music could be brought to bear. The discussion which followed was prefaced by a

reading of letters from many musicians, unable to attend the meeting, the bearing of all of which tended to recommend the adoption of a uniform pitch. The question was then discussed as to the possibility of this being attained. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Wylde, — Mr. Hullah—who, it appears, gave considerable attention to the subject some years ago (to the point of regulating a family of tuning-forks, by aid of M. Cagnard de La Tour's instrument called the *Sirène*), — Mr. Nicholson, the professor of the oboe, — who illustrated the inconveniences of the present uncertain state of the diapason, — Sir George Smart, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Ella. To this ensued a discussion as to what the proposed uniformity (the desirableness of which was carried *nem. con.*) should be. Herr Otto Goldschmidt warmly recommended the adoption of the French normal *la*, — Mr. Tutton a semi-tone below the present pitch, — Madame Goldschmidt some letting down. "For her own part there was a considerable amount of music that she could not think of singing at the present pitch; and music which she sang with the greatest ease about twelve years ago, when the pitch was lower, she would not now attempt. If the raising of the pitch went on as it had hitherto done the human voice would lose its beauty and strength; and she did not consider it was proper to tax the voice to that extent. In her opinion the standard of the pitch ought to be regulated by the human voice." — Sir George Smart produced a tuning-fork, prepared by the Messrs. Broadwood for him some thirty years ago, with the concurrence of Mrs. Billington, Messrs. Braham and Griesbach. — The Rev. G. T. Duffield exhibited Handel's fork, considerably flatter than the present ones. The question then arose, as to the practicable reconciliation of orchestras and organs, — Mr. Davison recommending that if the latter instruments were altered it should be by transposing the pipes a full semitone. Mr. Hullah urged the adoption of a pitch of 512 vibrations a second, in place of the French pitch of 522, as more convenient, on the score of numerical calculation. An attempt to propose the French pitch, as the one most expedient to adopt, was met by a recommendation that the subject should be more closely investigated, by a sub-committee, than was possible at a general meeting. The appointment of a sub-committee was unanimously carried, and the gentlemen nominated in its formation, from whom a report will be submitted to the Society. Such comments as suggest themselves on the discussion, decision, and the possible working out of the same had better, therefore, be reserved for a period when the subject is before the Society in a more complete form.

ANGLO-GERMAN HANDEL SOCIETY. — Three volumes have been issued from the Leipzig press of Herren Breitkopf & Härtel of the publications of the German Handel Society, — henceforth to be called the "Anglo-German Handel Society," the English "Handel Society" being understood to have merged itself in the foreign enterprise. That this may lead to difficulties is possible. Either want of uniformity must result, or some valuable publications be displaced from their position of due value as part of a series. To illustrate — is the edition of 'Israel' by Mendelssohn to be superseded? — an edition which is a masterpiece of editorial respect and sagacity. That edition, however, if adopted, as containing an organ part, must be out of symmetry with the editions of Handel's other sacred works from German sources; since our "cousins" do not generally use the organ in Oratorio, however essential it be to every performance of the master's works, — as no one knew better than Mendelssohn. This is only one among the questions arising out of the "fusion" of undertakings belonging to two countries, which will have to be solved, if a complete and consistent edition has to be produced. There must either be "odd volumes" or else precious matter discarded.

No prejudice to the undertaking entered on is intended by the above remarks. — It is needless to describe to any one familiar with modern musical publication in how sumptuous and complete a fashion the volumes before us are "turned out."

What is a luxury in London is daily fare in Leipzig. Dr. Chrysander, too, seems excellently to understand his duties as an editor, which are those of research, comparison, but not dogmatism. This last bad quality is particularly bad in the case of Handel's works, where variations, changes, afterthoughts in the text abound; and there is no more possibility of including all these in any one edition than there would be of assembling all the discrepancies of Shakspeare's text in an issue of Shakspeare's plays. That 'Susanna' is not complete without an organ part, more especially since the bass is not figured, we English cannot but feel. The pianoforte accompaniment is masterly, as might be expected from the skilled hand of Herr Rietsch of Leipzig.

And now, a word — this being the Handel time — concerning the little-known Oratorio with which the German Publishing Society has commenced its operations. The chorus "Righteous Heaven!" and the grand song, "If guiltless blood," are almost the only fragments from 'Susanna' which are ever heard in our concerts. — The Apocryphal story, indeed, dear though it be to the French, who have danced it in a *ballet*, and have sung it in opera, will always (and rightly) keep it in the background. Though the Elders have been transformed by the poetaster from evil and lascivious patriarchs into a couple of love-sick old shepherds, there is a taint on the legend, which renders downright execution of it impossible. A passionate situation, which has to be treated with reserve, implies anti-climax as a necessary alternative to offence. With all this, 'Susanna' is full of admirable songs. Not only is the music given to the abominable elders, *per se*, full of life and colour; the character of the spotless wife (written for a *mezzo soprano*) is as complete as that of *Iphis*, the daughter of *Jephtha*. No other female part in oratorio (for Handel's *Miriam* is but a procession figure with a chant) occurs to us as so clear and noble as these two. The husband, *Joachim* (a part unfortunately written for a *contralto* voice), is effaced and sickly. *Daniel* is more distinct and vigorous. To venture among the musical peculiarities and merits of this setting of a strange apocryphal legend — all but destroyed by the desperate platitudes of the text — would lead us beyond possible limits. Suffice it to say, that freshness and brilliancy of idea are there in no common quantity, — yet more, a hardy anticipation of some modern tricks of effect (observe the instance of broken rhythm in the song "When the trumpet calls to arms"). In brief, like 'Troilus and Cressida,' here is a work, though unavailable in all its completeness, and with all its conditions, — the work of a limitless genius. — The other two volumes of this publication, so nobly begun, already published, contain the Harpsichord Lessons and 'Acis and Galatea.'

STANDARD. — On Saturday, 'Henry the Eighth' was produced at this theatre, for the purpose of affording an opportunity to Miss Glyn, as *Queen Katharine*, and to Mr. Phelps, as *Cardinal Wolsey*. It was refreshing to have an opportunity of re-witnessing this historical drama, disencumbered of spectacular accessories, and depending solely on the quality of the acting. The arrangements were ideal to the point of bareness. There was abundance of suggestion, and no attempt at actuality. The sublime sorrows of Katharine, and the grand misfortunes of Wolsey, stood out singly and purely as poetic drama; and suffered no interruption from vain shows and scenic impertinences. The effect was proportionally impressive. The audience yielded to the legitimate influence of the acting, and lent to every phase of the action the full amount of sympathy. Not a word was lost; — every cadence was apprehended, and the elocutionary effects duly appreciated. Applause was

* A confirmation of this assertion recurs at the moment of writing too emphatic to be withheld. In 'La Tempesta' (Shakspeare's 'Tempest'), transcribed by MM. Scribe and Halévy, the scene betwixt *Caliban* and *Miranda*, based by the librettists on a passing word of the poet, was so perilous, that the consummate art of those consummate artists, Lablache and Sontag, was never more excellently shown than by the manner in which they avoided acting it. But this very avoidance of theirs was one among many reasons why the opera "fell flat."

judiciously bestowed. Mr. Phelps depicted Wolsey in his fall with a pathetic power, which made itself felt even through the formal declamation with which he invested the grand speeches attributed by the poet to the ambitious and unfortunate Cardinal. The death of Katharine was unaccompanied with machinery, and Miss Glyn had to trust to her own spiritual sensibility, in order to convey to the minds of the audience the visionary state of the heroine's mind; — but this, according to her usual wont, she did effectually, without any need of the mechanical aid which has recently been thought necessary. A profound and solemn feeling pervaded the audience at the fall of the curtain; and the well-merited ovation was bestowed on the performers. We must add, in justice, that the part of *Buckingham* was acted with fine elocutionary power by Mr. Rayner, who has been lately at this theatre entrusted with characters of great importance, and has sustained them with conscientious care. On Tuesday, 'The Merchant of Venice' was acted, *Shylock* by Mr. Phelps, and *Portia* by Miss Glyn.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP. — We are glad to give publicity to the following communication, fixing precisely the date of the Halle Handel Festival: — "The inauguration of the statue of Handel, at Halle, in honour of the centenary of his death, takes place on the 1st of July. The great feature of the celebration will be the performance of the Oratorio 'Samson,' in the Marktkirche. Musikdirector Franz, who will hold the *bâton*, has for some time bestowed great care on the practice of the very numerous chorus, and for the *soli* the most eminent singers of Germany have been secured. *Alto*, Frau Johanna Wagner-Jachmann, from Berlin; *Soprano*, Fräulein Wippert, a singer of promise, from the Royal Opera at Berlin; *Tenor*, Tichatscheck, from Dresden, and, *Bass*, Mr. Sabbath, from the Berlin *Dom-chor*. The Halle Orchestra is to be strengthened by the best of the Leipzig performers, with *Concertmeister* David at their head. After the Oratorio, the procession moves from the church to the place where the monument is to be erected, — all the trades of the town, in festive order, forming lines along the streets and a ring round the monument. The President of the Halle Committee, Ober-bürgermeister von Voss, will then perform the real act of inauguration, by delivering a speech and by handing over the monument to the Burgers of Halle for all times to come. Handel's 'Hallelujah,' sung by the chorus, will conclude the festivity. The day will terminate with a dinner, and in the evening with a *réunion* at the Wittekind Bath, close to Halle. As to the reception of visitors, the Committee can fully rely upon the hospitality of the inhabitants of Halle."

The Handel Festival at Königsberg is to be given on the 14th of June; the principal work performed there is to be 'The Messiah,' with two other performances devoted to miscellaneous selections. A performance of 'The Messiah,' in *memoriam*, has taken place at Hanover.

The Gloucester Festival is to begin this year on the 13th of September. — We should now be hearing some particulars of the Bradford Meeting, at which, it is said, that no novelty is to be attempted. We trust the contracting parties will profit by past experience in making their engagements this time, and secure the best of the best artists without regard to fashion, fear or favour.

The performance of 'Il Giuramento,' by Signor Mercadante, at Drury Lane the other evening, — a fine opera, with just that level merit that precludes any great success, — gave us an opportunity of hearing *Mdlle. Guarducci*, and of anew regretting how the sweet art of singing has fallen in Italy. Though her voice — a *mezzo-soprano* — is not extraordinary either in compass or quality, it has the South in it; the charm which belongs to none but Southern voices. But it has been imperfectly cultivated or abused, — possibly both. Her execution is ambitious, but unreal; belonging to the same school as that of *Meslames Penco* and *Borghini-Mamo* — inferior to that of either lady. It was impossible to hear her sing the beautiful *caratina*, "Or la sull' onda," without thinking how a former *contralto* —

Mdlle. Brambilla—used to sing it, and that after her voice was gone. Mdlle. Guarducci, though not unpleasing as an actress, can but be accepted here during a time of dearth.—Signor Graziani, the tenor, is agreeable, with some of the delicious family quality in his voice, and not without method. —Mdlle. Weisser re-appeared, as the heroine.

Madame Miolan-Carvalho is expected in London almost immediately. We have heard that before she appears in M. Meyerbeer's opera she will make her appearance as *Rosina* in 'Il Barbiere.' She is engaged for the first days in August at Baden-Baden; there, says the *Gazette Musicale*, to create the principal part in a work by M. Gounod. The effete state of the world of Italian music was never more clearly shown than in the fact that to replace Madame Bosio in St. Petersburg, besides Madame Charton, Mdlle. Lagrus and Madame Nantier-Didé (both French) have been also engaged.

'Les Vêpres Siciliennes' has been revived at the Grand Opéra of Paris without success, thus proving the work (pretending as it seemed) a "bubble" of the Great Exhibition year, one—which has succeeded at no other time and in no other place than in Paris. Madame Barbot was the heroine. What has become of the tenor, who was to out-tenor everybody else, —M. Lebat?

Madame Arnould-Plessy and Madame Guyon have been adventuring in a revival of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur'—made so popular by Mdlle. Rachel and Madame Allan. The revival seems to have been successful with the public,—not so with M. Janin, who is critical on both ladies, and complains that the tragedy has got old already. Such must be the fate of ninety-nine works out of a hundred which are written to order.—A three-act play, 'A Proof of Friendship,' by Count Sollohub, whom some of our readers may remember as the lively author of the 'Tarantasse,' a book of Russian sketches, has been produced at the *Théâtre Feytaud* in Paris. The scene is laid in the French capital.

MISCELLANEA

Moore and Lord Edward Fitzgerald.—Permit me, in justice to the memory of Moore, and also to that of Samuel Neilson, to observe (with reference to an article in your last), that the former, who, in his 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' inserted a passage, which (though not inculcating Neilson in treachery) was deemed by some offensive, made all the reparation in his power. Dr. MacNevin and Hamilton Roman wrote to Moore, who published a letter in the *Freeman's Journal*, in November, 1831, promising to do justice to Neilson when he should write of 1798 in the 'History of Ireland'; which, however, does not come down so low. But Moore, in the second edition of the 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' erased the passage complained of, and expressed his regret that it gave offence to the relatives of Neilson,—whom he describes as "brave and true in his devotion to the cause, for which his all was sacrificed."—I remain, &c.,

JAMES BURKE.

London, June 8.

The Comet of 1859.—This new comet, discovered by M. Tempel at Venice about the beginning of April last, has been observed at Rome by Father Secchi, and at Paris by M. Y. Von Villarcieu. It has been rapidly approaching the sun, and but a few days ago was only about 8,000,000 of leagues from it. Since the 29th ult., however, it has begun to recede at the rate of 2,000,000 of leagues in twenty-four hours, or twenty-four leagues per second, being a velocity at least 200 times greater than that of a cannon-ball. This velocity is, indeed, gradually declining; nevertheless, enough of it remains to carry the comet to a distance of 36,000,000 of leagues from the sun. As to the distances of the comet from the earth, its nearest approach, which occurred on the 24th of April, was to within 26,000,000 of leagues. At present its distance is about 42,000,000, and by the 30th of the present month it will be 49,000,000 of leagues distant from our globe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—P. M.—A. E.—W. C.—S. R. P.—W. P.—L. S.—E. L.—J. B.—W. B. F.—T. C. A.—A Professional Chorister—received.

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An ANNUAL PAYMENT of 2s. secures A FIXED ALLOWANCE of 6s. PER WEEK IN THE EVENT OF INJURY, OR LOSS, IN CASE OF DEATH.

FROM ACCIDENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, BY A POLICY in the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY,

which has already paid in compensation for Accidents 37,000*l.* Forms of Proposal and Prospectuses may be had at the Company's Offices, and at all the principal Railway Stations, where also, Railway Accidents alone may be insured against the Journey or Year. No charge for Stamp Duty. Capital One Million.

W.M. J. VIAN, Secretary. Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, Offices, 3, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, 31, KING WILLIAM-STREET.

The Directors of this Association hereby inform the Members that the Premiums falling due in the year commencing on the 1st July next from those Members who have been assured for seven or more entire years, will be reduced at the rate of 25 per cent., leaving 15 per cent. only to be paid.

EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.

ARGUS LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 39, THROGMORTON-STREET, BANK.

Chairman—WILLIAM LEAF, Esq. Deputy-Chairman—JOHN HUMPHREY, Esq. A.D.

Richard E. Arden, Esq. Rupert Ingley, Esq. Edward Bates, Esq. Saffery Wm. Johnson, Esq. Thos. Farncomb, Esq. A.D. Jeremiah Pilcher, Esq. Professor Hall, M.A. Lewis Pocock, Esq.

Physician—Dr. Jeaffreson, 3, Finsbury-square. Surgeon—W. Coulson, Esq. 3, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

Actuary—George Clark, Esq. ADVANTAGES OF ASSURING IN THIS COMPANY.

The premiums are on the lowest scale consistent with security. The Assured are protected by an ample subscribed capital—an assurance fund of 470,000*l.* invested on mortgage, and in the Government Stocks—and an income of 25,000*l.* a year.

Premiums to Assure £100. Whole Term.

Age.	One Year.	Seven Years.	With Profits.	Without Profits.
20	£0 17 8	£0 19 9	£1 15 10	£1 11 10
30	1 13	1 3 7	3 5 3	3 0 7
40	1 5 0	1 6 9	3 0 7	3 14 10
50	1 14 1	1 19 10	4 6 8	4 2 11
60	3 2 4	3 17 0	6 13 9	6 0 10

Assurers on the Bonus system are entitled, at the end of five years, to participate in nine-tenths, or 90 per cent. of the profits. The profit assigned to each policy can be added to the sum assured, applied in reduction of the annual premium, or be received in cash.

At the first division a return of 50 per cent. in cash on the premiums paid was declared; this will allow a revolutionary increase, varying, according to age, from 65 to 25 per cent. on the premiums, or from 5 to 15 per cent. on the sum assured.

One-half of the "Whole Term" Premium may remain on credit for seven years, or one-third of the premium may remain for life as a debt upon the Policy at 5 per cent., or may be paid off at any time without notice.

Claims paid in one month after proofs have been approved. Loans upon approved security. No charge for Policy Stamps. Medical Attendants paid for their reports.

Persons may, in time of peace, proceed to or reside in any part of Europe or British North America without extra charge. The Medical Officers attend every day at a quarter past Two o'clock.

E. BATES, Resident Director.

